THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser

Copyright, 1948, by Hearst Publishing Company, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

Week of Feb. 22, 1948

Catherine The Great
Posed by Barbara Stanwyck
Paramount Star

Enchantresses of the Ages

By Henry Clive
Read John Erskine's Story On Next Page

GREAT CATHERINE'S Many Admirers

While a Group of Suitors Obligingly Murdered Her Weak-Minded Husband When He Became Emperor, the "Little Mother" Took Charge of the Throne and the Russian Empire

By John Erskine

THE famous Empress of Russia was the daughter of Christian Augustus, Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, and his wife Johanna. Catherine was born in 1729 at Stettin, where her father, a general in the Prussian service, was military commandant.

The child's upbringing was strict and somewhat narrow-minded. Since she had neither wealth nor looks, she faced the prospect of almost certain spinsterhood.

Her mother took her on visits to neighboring courts, but the maternal salesmanship failed until Frederick the Great himself lent a helping hand, hoping to improve relations between Prussia and Russia, and diminish the influence of Austria.

In 1744 Catherine was betrothed to the Grand Duke Peter, heir to the Russian throne. The marriage took place in August, 1745, at St. Petersburg.

Catherine immediately applied herself with characteristic energy to the study of the Russian language, which she mastered completely, and to the study also of the Russian people, their customs and their character.

Though she kept her purpose to herself, she had already determined to be one with her future people, not only their ruler but their true representative and the agent of their destiny.

At her marriage she exchanged the Lutheran Church for the Russian. Later, ascending the throne, she gave up her baptismal name, Sophia Augusta Frederica, for the title Catherine II.

For obvious reasons her marriage was fiendishly unhappy. The Grand Duke was an idiot, with the brain of an unusually dull child. He spent his time playing with toys. Physically, as well as mentally, he never approached manhood. Unfortunately aware that his birth was more elevated than his wife's, he treated Catherine with contempt, even insult.

For a while she was faithful to the strict code of morality in which she had been brought up, but when the Empress, whose throne the half-wit was to inherit, explained that in order to keep the throne in the family, there must be children, Catherine adjusted herself to the idea.

The number of her admirers, from Orlov to Zubov, was prodigious, though uncertain. Likewise for the children. Three were passed off for the Grand Duke's, the rest were born and brought up surreptitiously.

As soon as her husband inherited the throne, a group of her suitors obligingly assassinated him. She then took charge of Russia herself. She improved the conduct of her court and the government of her empire.

Though her discipline could be as severe as that of any other despot, she was temperate in her food and drink, she rarely lost her temper, she was seldom angry if those around her opposed or even contradicted her.

In her ideals for the emancipation and education of her people, she was in advance of her time. It was natural but it certainly amazes us, that she insisted on moral correctness in the behavior of the ladies.

The one purpose of her life, she liked to say, was to secure the greatness and the safety of Russia. Her attitude toward Poland, Greece and Turkey was dictated by her pro-Russian principles, but in her foreign policies generally, she neglected her armies, often placing them under the command of incompetent favorites, and even when she enjoyed military successes, she was not capable of turning them, as she wished, into a favorable peace.

Her great fame rests on the miracle of the control she established over a vast country in which she was a foreigner, opposing in her political ambitions the land from which she came. Having by temperament grandiose ideas, failing to appreciate the value of military power — though Frederick the Great was her near neighbor—she maintained the greatness of Russia and the security of her throne by her understanding of human nature and by her genius for seizing the opportune moment.

Some historians have suggested that she was friendly to the American Revolution. If to any degree this is true, her supposed liberalism may be explained by her hostility to England. If the Ministers of George III had had their way, the mercenaries who were sent across the ocean to quiet the American colonists would have been Russian.

A letter of Edward Gibbon's tells of negotiations for 40,000 of Catherine's troops. Seeing no glory for Russia in this sale of her subjects, she turned down the proposal, and George III had to content himself with a smaller number of Hessians.

In contrast to Frederick the Great and other contemporaries, Catherine never pretended to any proficiency—not even to taste—in literature and the fine arts. She had a passion for writing, spending much of her time scribbling diaries and other memorials.

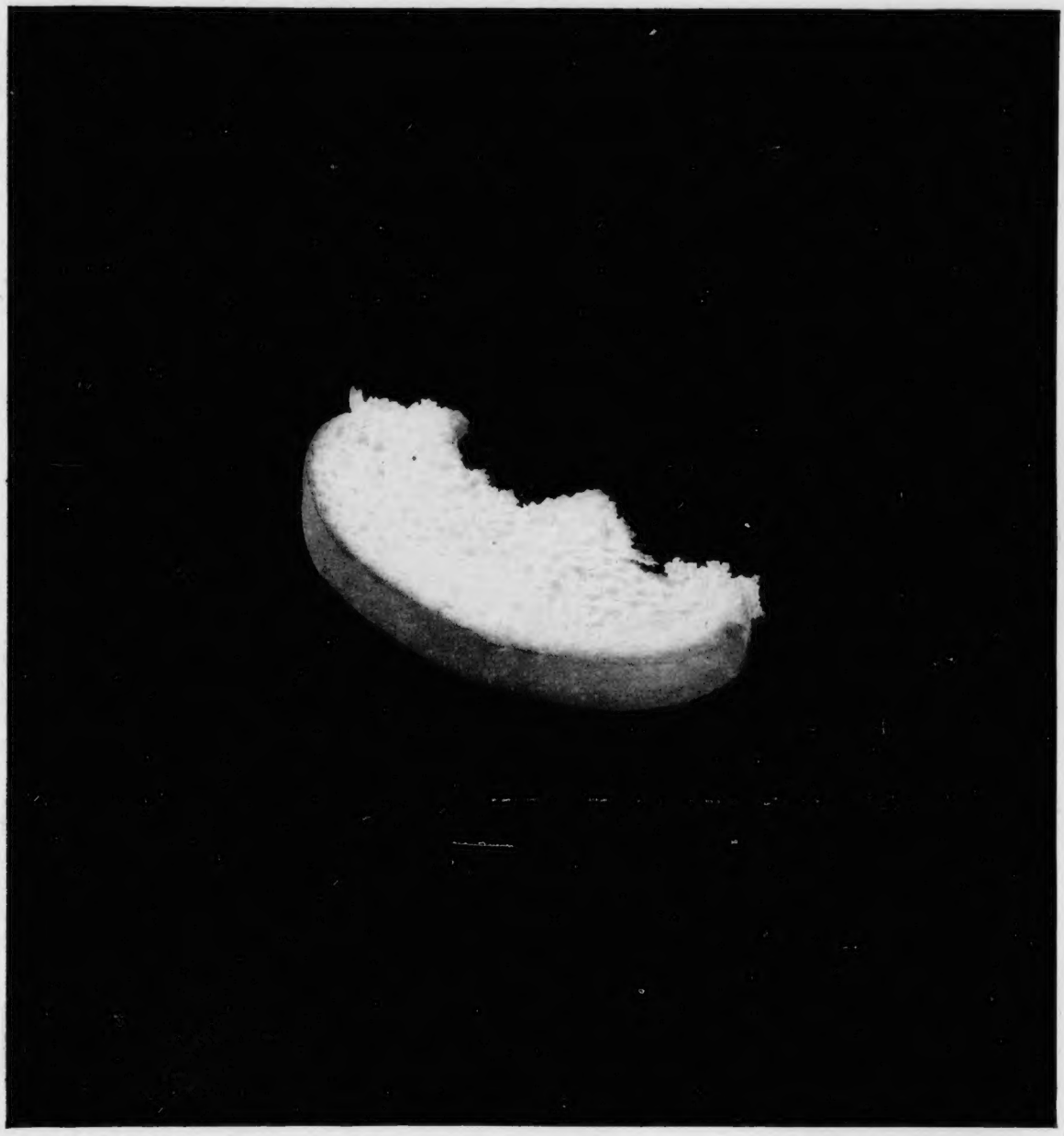
Her purpose in writing was not literary; perhaps it was only to satisfy the pleasant egotism of all diarists, who enjoy the self-portrait in the mirror which they themselves construct.

Gradually her character deteriorated. She resumed the narrowness of the small German court. Her imagination shrunk, and her sense of humor, once active, deserted her.

Consciousness of power made her increasingly arbitrary and difficult. When advancing age relegated romances to nothing more than purple patches among her memories, for compensation she took to ruthless match-making.

At the end of her life she wanted the King of Sweden to marry into her family, but he refused, ironically, unless the proposed bride would give up her Russian faith and become a Lutheran. Catherine promptly had a stroke of apoplexy on November 9, 1796, and died the next day.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ



THIS PIECE OF BREAD was first pictured here a year ago. Perhaps you remember it. Now, as then, millions are hungry. Fortunately today there are adequate supplies of wheat to save human lives overseas — *if none is wasted.* That is why homemakers have been asked to conserve bread, meat, eggs and other foods involving the use of grain . . . why farmers have been asked to feed less wheat to livestock.

Why do the hungry ask first for bread?

When famine strikes in Europe why does a humble North Dakota grain elevator suddenly become a tower of hope to millions of men, women and children? Why does that slice of bread on your dinner plate symbolize life itself to so many people?

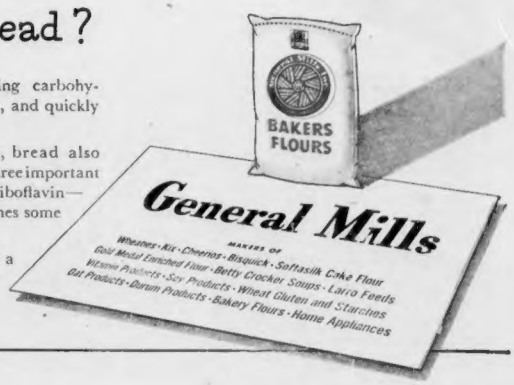
Here are the facts:

• Bread is the mainstay in the diet of a large share of the world's population. It is one of the least expensive basic foods. It is convenient to use. It tastes good. It's easy to digest. And it generously supplies the most immediate need of your body—food energy.

• Bread combines energy-producing carbohydrates with muscle-building protein, and quickly satisfies hunger.

• In its modern, enriched form, bread also provides *highly important* amounts of three important B vitamins—thiamine, niacin and riboflavin—and iron. In addition, bread furnishes some phosphorus and calcium.

These are the reasons why we, as a nation, should send all the wheat and flour possible to hungry people across the seas.


BAKERS
FLOURS
General Mills
MAKERS OF
Wheaties · Kix · Cheerios · Bisquick · Softasilk Cake Flour
Gold Medal Enriched Flour · Betty Crocker Soups · Larro Feeds
Vitamin Products · Soy Products · Wheat Gluten and Starches
Oat Products · Durum Products · Bakery Flours · Home Appliances

Copyright 1948, General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

Hedy Said No When Fritz Asked Her to Join Him in South America—She Loves Her Career Too Much.

Fritz Mandl Won't Admit to Defeat in Love or Business — But Not Even $60,000,000 Can Woo Back the Hollywood Star

HEDY'S *Persistent* EX-HUSBAND

By Harrison Carroll

FRITZ Mandl, one-time husband of Screen Star Hedy Lamarr, and Austrian man of mystery whose ancestral munitions factories armed the Germans for two world wars, keeps on trying.

His stubbornness runs true to form, whether in manufacturing cannon and shells or in the field of love.

On last November 11, ironically the anniversary of the armistice of World War I, newspaper dispatches from Buenos Aires revealed that Mandl, a citizen in his newly adopted country, Argentina, and presumably happily wed at last to wife number three, blond Viennese beauty, Hurta Schneider, had lost another romantic decision. The gorgeous Hurta, mother of two children by Mandl, filed a suit for separation from the former Austrian munitions magnate. There is no divorce in Argentina.

Shortly thereafter, Hollywood was flooded with rumors that Mandl, who ostensibly fled Hitler's wrath in 1938 but who showed up in South America and in New York with an unlimited supply of money, was trying to woo back Hedy Lamarr, his second wife, with offers of $1,000,000.

Hedy, who still has one thing in common with her ex-mate—three unsuccessful marriages—will not confirm this in full, but she does say that Mandl called her several times on the long distance phone, urged her to forget about the pursuit of Hollywood fame and come to So. America.

Says Hedy: "I turned him down and finally I asked my attorney to send him a wire that I was not interested in hearing from him any more."

Mandl's marital ventures date back to 1921 when he persuaded a Viennese actress, Hella Strauss, to give up her career and become his wife. This union lasted only two years.

The dapper tycoon, while steadily enlarging the arms empire founded by his grandfather, lost no time in finding another romance with German actress Eva May. She never succeeded in bringing him to the altar and finally killed herself over the love affair she described as hopeless.

Fritz retired for a while from gay cafe life but his spirits were given a lift when he attended a Vienna theatre to witness a performance of "Queen Elizabeth of Austria."

A 16-year-old beauty, Hedy Kiesler, was enacting the title role. Her portrayal charmed Mandl. A short courtship ensued.

With pomp and ceremony, Hedy Kiesler and Fritz Mandl exchanged vows at Karl's Church in Vienna with over 200 guests in attendance. Mandl, according to Hedy, was 33 at the time. His by now 17-year-old bride soon discovered that her married life was no more private than the wedding ceremony. Hedy says:

"We were entertaining morning, noon and night. We had two butlers, a huge staff of servants. There seldom were less than 30 people at a meal. Our guests ranged from industrialists to royalty.

"All the time I was blind to the intrigue going on around me. I found my only real happiness in the comparative privacy of our hunting lodge away from Vienna."

Mandl, who gave $100 tips to waiters and flashed sheaves of $1000 bills when he had a whirl at New York night life in 1939, never showered ready cash upon his pretty wife.

Instead she had charge accounts.

"I had everything in the way of clothes and luxuries, even 10 fur coats," admits Hedy, "but no cash."

The stormy days of the Lamarr-Mandl marriage are best remembered here for the legend, denied by Fritz but confirmed by Hedy, about the tycoon's attempts to buy up every print of the film, "Ecstasy," which caused its star almost as much unhappiness as her ill-fated marriages.

From a sensational point of view, the highlights of this picture were shots of Hedy flitting through the woods unclothed to bathe in a pool and a closeup of Hedy's reactions in a scene that could well have inspired the title of the film.

Hedy has plenty to say about these sequences:

"I was 15½ years old when I made that picture. The famous love scene was shot in a few minutes one day after the leading man and most of the company had gone to lunch. The doors of the sound stage were open. I could see people walking around outside.

"The director told me to lift my arms and look ecstatic. I did exactly as I was told. It was quickly over. I had no understanding of the scene.

"As to the swimming episode, that was shot after the rest of the picture was finished. I was taken to location and told I had to do it. My mother had wanted to go on the location and I wouldn't let her. If I had only agreed, the scene never would have been shot and I would have been saved years of embarrassment."

When she finally took a powder on her munitions mate, Hedy says she had no money and had to sell part of her jewels to finance her flight to England. There in 1937 she was signed by Louis B. Mayer to come to Hollywood, where she changed her name to Hedy Lamarr and won fame in the picture, "Algiers."

There she also wed and shed two more husbands, Producer Gene Markey and Actor John Loder.

The romantically persistent Mandl, meanwhile, was not too disconsolate over the loss of his young wife.

In 1939, Mandl, after fleeing Austria and apparently losing his $60,000,000 fortune, showed up in New York with a thick bankroll and with a beautiful new blonde, Hurta Schneider. One night, at a gay cafe party, he announced that he had married her.

Later, from Argentina came rumors that Mandl was building up a new arms empire. The American State Department cracked down on him in 1944, branding him as a trader with the enemy. He was arrested and fled to Uruguay. Somehow, he returned to Argentina and became a citizen.

But for all his stubbornness and millions, his third marriage now is on the fritz—and Hedy Lamarr has brusquely rejected his overtures in her direction.

Golden Age Of Make Believe

Don't Curb Your Child's Fanciful Day Dreams, Warns an Eminent Psychologist; A Lively Imagination Is a Sign of Intelligence

By D. A. Laird, Ph.D., Sc.D.,
Internationally Known Psychologist and Lecturer

DON'T mind if your little girl talks about her new acquaintance, a friendly dragon, or if your little boy says he has a knight in armor and a pirate as playmates.

They are day dreaming, of course, and among many children that is quite normal. Their talk of fancied companions indicates a lively imagination, and this is a sign of intelligence.

It should not be curbed. It should be encouraged. Up to about the age of five, their strange tales of unreal people and imagined happenings should not, of all things, be grounds for punishment or ridicule.

If you are a wise parent, you will enter into the spirit of make believe, and accept your child's world of fancy, for to many children it is a real world and the people and creatures in it are real.

Famous people in many walks of life had such imagined childhood playmates that they never forgot them.

James Russell Lowell, the poet, had quite a company of them. His were a race of little folk from the Middle Ages and they walked New England paths with him. They talked to him, and he to them, and always every one was friendly.

Madame Curie played with imaginary companions and it was not because she was lonely. The Curie family was a big one, but none of her brothers or sisters was more real to the discoverer of radium than the figures of her imagination.

It seldom is loneliness, anyway, that turns a child to day dreaming. In the midst of a family gathering, your youngster may stake out a corner and there have a decorous tea party, with the cups and saucers as invisible as the guests.

Julian Green, the novelist, had fancied playmates with whom he talked what he said was a secret language. The goings-on so frightened the maid that for a while she thought the house was haunted.

No one could be troubled by the invisible friends of George Sand, the French writer. She went out into the woods alone to meet them, and there for her favorite, whom she named Corambie, she said she built a chapel where they could talk things over.

Punish your children for day-dreaming and they may withdraw from you more miles than you can count in light-years. You may even lose them for a while, for their dreams may turn in a new direction. Unknown to you, they may, in fancy, be inflicting on you a revenge abetted by their own particular brown bear.

Gertrude Atherton, the writer, had to overcome that temptation. When she was a small girl on a big California ranch, she entertained herself with wonderfully impossible stories. Her grandmother, who wanted facts from children as well as adults, had three words for her.

"The born liar!" she used to say. Mrs. Atherton was, as it turned out, a born story teller, whose novels were read by millions.

Another novelist whose childhood imagination was followed by imaginative writing known throughout the country was Florence Barclay.

To this generation, her name may signify nothing, perhaps, besides the fact that it is the same as the famous New York street, Barclay, where you may find a great and splendid lot of rosaries and vestures and prayer books for sale.

To an earlier generation, she was the author of "The Rosary," read in hammocks and beside oil lamps from coast to coast.

Her imagined companions were many and able. They would march out from the ceiling to play around her in the time between drowsiness and sleep. She tried to catch one in a box. But in the morning the box was always empty.

Sometimes parents, confronted by these episodes outside of time and space, begin to worry. They know that when grownups hear voices that never spoke and see faces that never were, they are abnormal.

Let the children hear thus and see thus—for a while. But when they've grown to kindergarten or school age, they must begin to know true from false. Then, if day dreams persist, parents must help.

The wise parent will not be abrupt. The wise parent, after having believed implicitly in bears, fairies and buccaneers, gradually will begin to say: "That's a fine story you told of them, Jimmy, but we know it's just mostly story, don't we?" The wise parent will carefully wean Jimmy or Jennie from the never-never land to the one that forever after will have problems that can't be solved by wave of a wand.

Often bedtime is the hour when you can most easily and deftly draw the line between fancy and fact. Then, with the promise of a story, you can get Jimmy or Jennie to go to bed promptly and calmly, and then in the drowsy little while before a healthy child's quick sleep draws on, you can tell the age-old story beginning: "Once upon a time—"

Neither you nor Jimmy nor Jennie believes that a "Once upon a time" story ever really happened. Gradually they, as well as you, realize that it is fun to say "Let's pretend."

About one child in 10 has really vivid imaginary playmates. Many more have only dimly realized associates beyond the realm of reality. Let them all go their way, fancifully, until they are about six.

After that, if your boy or girl is normal, he or she must differentiate sharply between a fanciful princess and a real schoolteacher.

Only, be sure as they grow older that they realize the dreams of early childhood must be left behind.

Don't let on to them that nearly every one would like, quite often, to have a friendly dragon or a brown bear in whom he could place confidence.

Talking Animals, Prankish Elves and Fairies May Fill a Child's Imaginary World—But to the Youngsters They Are Very Real Playmates.

Illustrated by DOROTHEA FOX

Heartbreaks

"Life Will Be a Great Adventure," the Young Bride Said Prophetically to Her Husband—Until They Were Swept Into a Drama That Was Without Parallel in Their Fashionable World.

With Great Emotion, the Young Man Swore Undying Loyalty and Devotion to His Crippled Friend, While From the Other Side of the Wheelchair the Woman He Loved Tearfully Repeated the Vow.

Illustrated
by
ERNEST CHIRIACKA

Of Society

DESIGN for TRAGEDY

By Gene Coughlin

BROOKLYN BRIDGE is little more than a quarter of a mile long, but on that October morning of 1908 its length seemed interminable to young Mrs. Cornelius Hoagland Tangeman.

Her handsome husband, catching her nervous excitement, touched up the spanking pair of blacks with his whip, and then gazed admiringly at the beauty of his companion; at the bronze-blond crown of her head, thrown back to enable the deep blue eyes to encompass the spires of lower Manhattan's skyscrapers.

"Darling," he said softly, "I hope you won't be disappointed."

She twined her long, tapering fingers around his own.

"I know I won't," she said. "Brooklyn was all right, but this—this is the capital of everything. Think of it, Cornelius dear. Our house on Fifth Avenue! Parties and balls and the theatre! Interesting people from all over the world to be met every day! Why, life will be one great big adventure!"

It was more than a prediction. It was a fateful prophecy.

Life was to sweep them—the beautiful wife and the devoted husband—into an adventure without parallel in the history of modern society.

It was to provide a dramatic design for living, and dying, for the Tangemans and a young man they were to meet. It was to construct an eternal triangle which was destined to end, not in a musty courtroom or in a burst of gunfire, but in the peace and tranquility of a community burial plot within arm's reach of one another.

There was nothing about the backgrounds of the young Tangemans or G. Louis Boissevain, the third side of the triangle, to hint at what was to come.

Cornelius Hoagland Tangeman's grandfather had made a fortune manufacturing baking powder and the handsome young man had no financial worries when he graduated from Cornell in 1900. Nor did he have any social ambitions to upset his serenity. He went to live calmly and comfortably on President Street, in Brooklyn.

Violet Harkness was also living quietly at the time, with her parents in a family hotel on Brooklyn's Columbia Heights. But there were times, especially after a shopping trip to Manhattan, that she was restless and unhappy with her surroundings.

It was inevitable that Cornelius Tangeman should fall in love with her at first sight; young men had a habit of doing that, in Brooklyn and later, in ballrooms on Fifth Avenue and in fashionable Newport, R. I.

THEY were married in 1904 and Tangeman prepared to live happily ever after, in Brooklyn, away from the glitter and pomp they could have had with his money and connections. Violet waged her campaign quietly and unobtrusively until, when the couple finally moved to New York for keeps in 1908, Cornelius probably figured it was chiefly his idea.

Life for them was happy and free from complications, until Violet met G. Louis Boissevain.

It happened at a ball in a Newport club and, as one witness put it later:

"You could feel the impact across the room. They made a picture never to be forgotten.

"Violet, tall and slim and regal in her bearing; wearing her hair like a golden crown and her eyes shot through with glinting sparks.

"And Louis, tall and just as regal, ordinarily. But this time, he lost his composure and his face reddened and he spilled the punch he was carrying to his partner. It was the first time Louis Boissevain was ever at a loss for words."

Violet Harkness Tangeman and Louis Boissevain inhabited totally different worlds until, as it turned out, the Brooklyn Bridge helped bring them together.

He had been born in Amsterdam, scion of an old Holland-American family; had come to the United States at the age of 21, not to seek his fortune but to be accepted as friend by the Astors, Goulds, Belmonts and other society leaders who knew his background. His particular companion was Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt.

A few years before Cornelius Tangeman had claimed Violet Harkness for his bride, Boissevain had married Arabella Magee of Watkins, N. Y., and installed her in Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

His first meeting with Violet had truly rendered him speechless—but not for long. Boissevain, debonair, handsome, and aggressive, decided he could not live without her and he made known his decision to her.

The initial contact had registered just as deeply with Violet.

It did no good for the two of them to explain the obstacles that made any prospect of their permanent union impossible.

It did her no good to tell Louis that his life with his wife had been happy; that he was the father of two sons; that divorce, with its subsequent gossip and whispers, would ruin the lives of all concerned.

He admitted as much. And he pointed out that Violet, too, was happily married, the mother of a little daughter and, quite possibly, in love with her husband in a calm and contented fashion.

But what of it? Were these circumstances to prevent them—Violet and Louis—from snatching happiness that would be theirs forever?

They had but to look into each other's eyes for the answer. The answer was obvious; both parties felt they must never be separated. They would overcome the handicaps; would take the steps necessary to insure the permanence of their love.

Then Fate, which had thrown the couple together, got tired waiting for them to do something decisive and final about the situation.

Cornelius Tangeman, young and athletic, suddenly suffered a stroke of an intensity usually reserved for men twice his age. It left both his legs paralyzed!

Here was a situation people of lesser moral stamina and more selfishness would have accepted as a long awaited opportunity, but Violet Tangeman and Louis Boissevain reacted in a manner story book lovers could not hope to emulate.

They rushed to his bedside. And then Boissevain burned wires and cables to summon the great specialists of the world.

The specialists made their examinations and pronounced their sentences.

Cornelius Tangeman would never walk again!

Just what went through his mind when he heard himself condemned to life in a wheelchair has never been revealed. But he was an intelligent and understanding man. It may well be supposed that he was aware of the feeling between his wife and Boissevain; and he was realist enough to know that Fate, somehow, had played a diabolic trick on all three of them.

If the stroke had only killed him, everything would have been so simple, he might have thought.

As it was, the man and the woman who had been on the verge of pledging their hearts and their lives to each other made the crippled husband the focal point of their affection.

Boissevain swore undying loyalty and devotion to him; and the vow was repeated, from the other side of the wheelchair, by Tangeman's wife, more beautiful than ever in his hour of greatest need.

Boissevain moved into the Tangeman home. Mrs. Boissevain moved with silence and dignity towards a divorce which was granted without contest.

The trio—Cornelius, Violet and Louis—were inseparable in New York and Newport.

At the theatre, first nighters became accustomed to the wheelchair being pushed down the aisle by the devoted Boissevain while Mrs. Tangeman tucked in the rug around the withered legs of her husband.

The better restaurants knew the threesome—not as three gloomy and frustrated people, but two handsome men and a beautiful woman sharing their little jokes and their lives.

Only the outsiders took time to whisper:

"How will it end, do you suppose? Something terrible is bound to happen."

IT IS conceivable that, as his strength failed, Tangeman might have considered suicide to cheat the death that was so long coming. And the idea had been rejected forthwith; instead of causing joy and release for the two he loved, it would have brought dark clouds of misery. So he lived, perhaps in the belief that death would summon him early, leaving plenty of time for the others to reap the rewards of their sacrifices.

Death did come comparatively early—but not to Cornelius Tangeman.

Louis Boissevain fell seriously ill in 1924. Again the specialists were summoned. An emergency operation was performed to no avail.

Cornelius and Violet Tangeman mourned quietly; and then announced burial plans that staggered the gossips and those without understanding.

Boissevain was buried in the Tangeman plot in the cemetery connected with fashionable Berkeley Memorial Church at Newport, R. I.

Somebody, reportedly Cornelius, specified he should be placed at the left side of the plot of ground, leaving space for two more graves.

Violet Tangeman, left alone to trundle the wheelchair, wore mourning for nearly two years; her helpless husband wore a black crepe band on the left sleeve of his jacket.

There were no more first nights; no more parties in cafe corners. Husband and wife, although far from old, seemed content to sit and wait for something or somebody bound to come.

For Cornelius Hoagland Tangeman, the period of waiting ended just before Christmas of 1928, when he went to join his friend, Louis Boissevain, in the little plot at Newport.

His widow directed that he be buried on the right of the lot, leaving room for a grave between the two men.

That grave was filled four months later by the woman who had loved, and had been loved, by both men. Her friends said that Violet Harkness Tangeman died of a broken heart in a New York City hotel in March, 1929, and nobody has come forward to disagree.

Today the three are together again, with the woman Cornelius and Louis loved as the apex of the triangle. Only the wheelchair is missing but it's no longer needed as the link that bound them together.

Next week—The Senorita and the Millionaire.

CORNELIUS HOAGLAND TANGEMAN
AUG 21 1878 DEC 18 1928
VIOLET HARKNESS TANGEMAN
SEPT. 2 1882 MAR. 29 1929
G. LOUIS BOISSEVAIN
SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY LIKE THE NIGHT

Even Death Couldn't Part the Loyal Trio—Today the Three Lay Tranquilly Side by Side in the Tangeman Family Plot.

"This cotton top cake had me whistlin' DIXIE!"

"It was light as fluff, tender as a Southern breeze . . . and oh-so-rich and moist! I honestly didn't believe a cake could *be* so all-round delicious!

"And I can bake luscious cakes like that one again and again with new, improved Crisco and Crisco Success Cake recipes! Pure, all-vegetable Crisco has a baking secret you don't get in any other type of shortening. Crisco Success Cake recipes are *built around* that secret. You get lighter, richer cakes . . . cakes you won't equal with any other type of shortening or any ordinary recipe.

"And it's so easy—you can mix a gorgeous Crisco Success Cake in just 4½ minutes! Of course, pure, easy-creaming Crisco is a wonder with *any* cake or any recipe. But Crisco *plus* the Crisco Success Cake method means baking at its best—cakes that will make you proud as proud can be!

"Goodness knows I've always used wonder Crisco for flaky pastry and digestible fried foods. (Yes, 9 out of 10 doctors say Crisco is easy to digest.) So now the motto for me is *Crisco for all 3*—pastry, fried foods, and marvelous cakes!"

COTTON-TOP CAKE

Follow this Crisco Success Cake Recipe carefully and you'll get a lighter, richer, more tender cake.

Measure into mixing bowl: (All measurements level)

2 cups sifted cake flour • 1½ cups sugar
½ cup Crisco • 1 teaspoon salt • ⅔ cup milk

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) 2 min. Now stir in (yes, all by itself):

3 teaspoons baking powder*

Add:

4 egg yolks (unbeaten) • ½ cup milk
1 teaspoon lemon flavoring

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) 2 min. Pour into two 9" layer pans (9" x 1½" deep) rubbed with Crisco and lined with waxed paper. (For smaller pans fill pans half full, bake cup cakes with remaining batter.) Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 25-30 minutes. Put cooled layers together with *Apricot Filling:* (Save ¼ cup for top.) Cook ½ cup apricot juice with 1 tbsp. cornstarch until thick. Stir in ½ cup drained apricot pulp and 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Cool. Cover cake with white icing. Decorate with swirls of apricot filling.

*Double-action or phosphate type (Calumet, Davis, Clabber Girl, Rumford, etc.). With tartrate type (Royal, etc.) use 4 tsps.

SEND FOR CRISCO COOK BOOK —64 pages of "Recipes for Good Eating," with more Success Cake recipes. Send 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size). Address: Crisco, Dept. A, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Offer good in the United States.

USE CRISCO IT'S DIGESTIBLE!

Be thrifty—buy the 3-lb. economy size!

ROMANTIC TANGLES OF THE *Cavendish-Bentincks*

"It's a Beastly Mess," the Young Englishman Said of His Own Troubles; It Also Summed Up His Parents' Affairs

Privately and Through the Courts, Victor Exposed His Wife's Letters From an Admirer, While She Countered With a Long List of His Extra-Curricular Sweethearts.

By Warren Hall

AFTER his superior had stormed out of the room, promising to tell a court-martial what he had seen, Pilot Officer William James Cavendish-Bentinck turned to his pretty companion and shrugged.

"I guess you'd better go," he said. "It's a beastly mess."

It was. A London court had just ruled that his mother had been unfaithful to his father. His father, openly admitting misconduct with six women, was fighting for reinstatement as British Ambassador to Brazil. And now he, a godson of Queen Elizabeth, was facing dismissal from the Royal Air Force for having a woman in his billet.

Young William was too upset to consider the irony of the situation. When he and his sister were in the United States with their American-born mother during the war, his father had written him:

"You should have gone back to your tutor like other Eton boys. But whatever happens, remember that you are British. That is something of which you can be proud."

He had remembered. When he returned to England with his mother in 1944, he had done what his father wanted and joined the RAF. At that moment, however, he could see little reason to be proud.

After years of constant but unpublicized domestic discord, everything seemed to be happening at once to the Cavendish-Bentincks, one of Britain's proudest families. Two divorce trials had been devoted to evidence of various amours and had cost Victor Frederick Cavendish-Bentinck his diplomatic post. Another hearing before the House of Lords was likely, and a court-martial involving 23-year-old William wasn't going to help.

Litigation began in 1944 when Victor, a career diplomat and then ambassador-designate to Brazil, sued the former Clothilde Quigley, daughter of a wealthy Texas banker, charging desertion and infidelity.

She promptly filed a cross-petition for a separation, declaring that since 1932, eight years after their marriage in Paris, her husband had had five romances. When the two suits came to trial last winter, Cavendish-Bentinck was quite frank about the women. As a matter of fact, he said, there were the five that Clothilde had mentioned and another, more recent, about whom she hadn't even heard.

Both he and Clothilde agreed, however, that his philandering started in Athens in 1932 with the wife of Francisco de Amat y Torres, the Spanish consul.

"It wouldn't have happened," Victor insisted, "if my wife hadn't first told me she was in love with Senor de Amat."

He didn't imply that Clothilde and the senor were anything more than close friends at the time, but he insisted they had been much more than that at Morzine, France, in 1936, and later in Los Angeles.

In summarizing the case, the judge said Clothilde hadn't deserted her husband when she took the children to America just before the war, and he declared her background showed she was "just playing with love and could enter into nothing but a mild form of dalliance."

"She had a strict and pious upbringing," he said, "which has never lost its influence."

On the other hand, he observed, the husband's indiscretions were freely confessed, so he threw out the divorce suit and granted Clothilde a separation.

Cavendish-Bentinck, who was immediately ousted by the Foreign Office for bringing discredit to the service, appealed the verdict.

The appellate court didn't seem to have the same regard for a proper upbringing that the earlier judge had evinced. It asked to read some of the letters that Clothilde had received from her Spanish admirer, and which Victor had found. The first one said:

"Darling, darling, darling! I've left you only an hour and the boat already is as gloomy as my heart. I am pining and longing for you . . . This month I have spent with you seems like a dream."

Another one said:

"I've dreamed of you almost nightly . . . I love you with all my heart . . . Please forgive this bad one but please don't forget him."

Lord Justice Frederick Tucker cleared his throat and observed:

"There is nothing platonic about missives such as these."

Lord Justice Bucknill declared there was a strong suspicion of connivance and implied that the British ambassador and the Spanish envoy might have entered into a lend-lease agreement regarding their wives.

"Perhaps there was some connivance," said Lord Justice Pilcher, the third member of the court, "but not enough, at least, to bar the husband from obtaining the relief he seeks."

Therefore, the court decided to ignore Cavendish-Bentinck's peccadillos and give him a divorce on the ground of infidelity and nullifying his wife's separation decree.

Cavendish-Bentinck said he was waiting to see what the Foreign Office was going to do about his job, but he may have to wait quite a while because the court, in announcing its verdict, added that it was giving Clothilde the right to appeal.

Before she could get around to that, young William added a brand-new complication by being found in his billet at Hornchurch during the early morning hours with Aircraftwoman First Class Mavis Bannister, 20, waitress in the officers' mess.

William said there had been no misconduct. He admitted that they might have kissed, but that was all. Nevertheless the court decreed that he had "behaved in a scandalous manner" and discharged him from the service.

Like his mother, he still had an appeal—and he took it. He asked his commanding officer to reverse the verdict on the ground that publicity given the case might have prejudiced the hearing. The c.o. said he would take it under consideration.

Illustrated by A. S. PACKER

THE *Perfect* DISGUISE

His Inconspicuous Appearance and Personality Made the Police Clerk Admirably Suited for Some Unusual Assignments

Abraham Gralla in a Pose Reminiscent of His Investigations of Pawnshops and Jewelers Violating the Second-Hand Law.

American Weekly Photo

By Irving Johnson

THERE was nothing about the jeweler from Seattle to distinguish him from any average American you might pass on the street. He was just an ordinary, plump little man with a pleasant manner. His name was Rothstein and he said he was in New York for a little fun.

At the same time, he let it be known he might be interested in a good bargain in jewelry and wouldn't be too fussy about where it came from.

It wasn't long before he met Helen Smith, a stylish, middle-aged Park Avenue woman who happened to have a $350,000 collection of jewelry on her hands.

Actually, she was the notorious Buda Godman, one-time queen of Chicago's underworld, now saleslady for a gang of robbers.

A meeting at Buda's apartment was arranged by a go-between and Buda came quickly to the point. She frisked her caller and asked him if he had heard of the Glemby robbery.

He said he hadn't and Buda told him how three armed men had broken into the Fifth Avenue home of rich Harry C. Glemby, held up the family and servants and vanished with $350,000 worth of jewels. Now she wanted to dispose of the loot.

She asked Rothstein to set a price, but he looked surprised and said he never bought anything sight unseen. They haggled a while and she agreed to show him the jewelry on the following day.

He arrived on time. Inside the plush apartment, Buda opened a white and lavender cretonne bag and spilled a sparkling treasure on a table. Rothstein was dazzled, but outwardly calm.

He ran his hand across the pile, dredged up some of the pieces and let them slide through his fingers. He made up his mind finally and offered $50,000 for the lot. Buda accepted and Rothstein said he'd be back next day with the money.

But the undistinguished customer never showed up. The police kept the date for him instead and seized Buda and most of the stolen jewels. The bandits were rounded up afterwards.

That was in 1932 and the part of the amiable Mr. Rothstein was played by Abraham Gralla, a clerk in the New York Police Department. The impersonation was not a new experience for him.

Too short to qualify as a regular policeman, Gralla was the department's own private eye for years and the Glemby case was just another of his many outside-of-the-line-of-duty assignments.

What pleased him most about it, he recalls today, was that when the police raided Buda's place they found two identical cretonne bags, one containing the jewelry and the other filled with broken glass.

Buda, he says, was going to switch bags on him after collecting the money and had already arranged to dispose of the stolen baubles through other hands.

The swivel chair sleuth, recently retired after 34 years of service, says his first outside work was serving subpoenas in a case involving higher police officers.

His translation of documents and items in a foreign language newspaper uncovered a plot to bomb St. Patrick's Cathedral in 1915.

In 1916, he was assigned to gather evidence against second-hand stores, pawnshops and jewelers who were violating the second-hand law. This law provided that these places must report all second-hand goods, especially silverware and jewelry, that was sold to them.

Gralla's investigations were painstaking and complete and even included visits to private homes. He usually carried silver candlesticks or salt shakers and offered them for sale.

If the buyer had no license, he was arrested by a detective on the spot. If the sale was not reported by a licensed dealer within a few days, a summons was issued.

One day he sold some silverware to a large jewelry store in Maiden Lane. The store made no report and paid a $100 fine. Later, Gralla put on some false whiskers and sold the store a number of silver spoons.

When the store again failed to report the purchase, it lost its license.

In 1935, Gralla was assigned to get in touch with a band of stock and bond thieves and buy some stolen securities from them. He registered in a New York hotel as Abe Feinberg, brother of a Chicago bank president.

There he met a lawyer representing the gang leader. A price was set, but Gralla insisted on seeing the bonds first.

There were more negotiations. The leader of the thieves was called in, but he wanted the money before turning over the securities. The deal fell through finally when Gralla was unable to obtain the necessary cash.

A number of insurance companies who had been asked to advance it thought it was a good plan, but not good enough to warrant an outlay of the size needed.

Later, Gralla set himself up in the stamp business as Abe Goldberg in a small office on Broadway.

This time a large amount of New York City sales tax stamps had been stolen and offered for sale at a bank. The bank sent the sellers to Gralla.

There were three of them and they offered 100,000 stamps for $4,500.

Gralla had the money and he and the men opened a joint account in a bank, the money to be paid on receipt of the stamps.

There was a delay in the delivery and the police stepped in and arrested the men. The stamps were never recovered.

Gralla was admirably suited for all these police assignments. His appearance and personality were always inconspicuous, he had a rare ability for making friends and he had the reputation of being absolutely without fear.

Now that he's retired he's undecided as to what he'll do. He lives on Long Island with his wife (they have five children) and there's a real estate and insurance sign outside the house.

But he may never go into the business. Besides, he's been offered several jobs as an investigator.

ADVERTISEMENT

Elsie and her Family

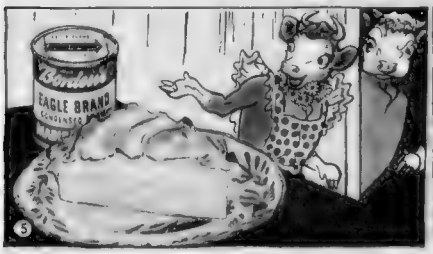
ADVERTISEMENT

"Not bad when he does naughty things'" exploded Elmer, the bull. "That's the craziest talk I ever heard What *is* he if he isn't bad?"

"I mean, baby Beauregard doesn't yet know right from wrong," smiled Elsie.

"A kid who breaks his old man's pet pipe is *bad*," persisted Elmer, "and he ought to be punished."

"If parents would only be patient," sighed Elsie, "in no time the child would find it as simple to do right as—as—"



"As simple as pie, mommy?" suggested Beulah.

"Exactly," said Elsie, "if you mean pie made with *Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk*."

"You see," continued Elsie, "Eagle Brand is a smooth *blend* of fine milk and sugar. The magic short cut to grand eating."

"I'd rather smoke," grumbled Elmer, "and it isn't easy without my pipe."

"Did you say *easy*?" asked Elsie. "It's *super* to make fine desserts with Borden's Eagle Brand. Desserts to go with *Borden's Instant Coffee*."

"How did coffee get into this?" bellowed Elmer. "And what's this peace pipe for?"

"For you to smoke," giggled Elsie, "while I tell folks Borden's Instant is gl-orious coffee. So rich, so deep-down satisfying!"

"Stow the high falutin' words!" snapped Elmer. "You can't *drink* words."

"I prefer Borden's Instant Coffee myself," laughed Elsie. "Ready in the time it takes to pour hot water in a cup. No pot, no waste! *If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

®T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. ©The Borden Company

By Beverly Shaw
As Told to
Paul I. Murphy

"I was a Drug Addict"

Three Months After Her First Shot of Dope, the Stage Star Was Unable to Check Her Craving.

"I WAS a drug addict. I have been arrested and imprisoned five times. My friends—even my husband—turned against me in disgust. Disgraced and despondent I decided that suicide was my only solution.

"Then a Power greater than myself showed me how to be cured of the drug habit. I call the Power God my interpretation of God—plus a will to make a come-back."

This is the confession of Actress Beverly Shaw, one-time Miss America contestant, who starred in vaudeville performances and entertained audiences from coast to coast during the 1930s. Later, after becoming addicted to drugs, she was classed as "hopeless" for 10 years.

Yet today—at 41—this beautiful, dynamic blonde has made a remarkable recovery and is helping others find the road back to healthy, normal lives by explaining her method of conquering the craving for drugs.

Under sponsorship of Massachusetts health officials, she visits women's reformatories where she offers guidance to desperate addicts.

A living example of the program she preaches, courageous Beverly Shaw hasn't touched dope since 1936.

"Drug addiction is more horrible than a thousand torturing deaths," she explains. "Yet every day more and more unsuspecting, devil-may-care teen-agers and other fun-seekers try their first reefer for the momentary thrill of sordid exhilaration.

"From marihuana, they often pass on to heroin and morphine. Then they're enslaved. Drug addiction is a disease, a mental and physical illness. Contrary to common belief, it is not a hopeless habit, though. However, it cannot be cured by patent medicine, or punishment.

"Condemning the drug addict only increases his problem," she says. "Patient understanding is essential. It is useless to advise addicts to use will power alone—to snap out of it. Through considerate guidance wonders can be accomplished by helping to rebuild self-confidence—by pointing out that addiction is merely another illness that can be cured."

Beverly Shaw daily spends hours with addicts. She encourages them to bare their entire story to her.

"They all want to know how I won my battle," she says. "I tell them that the solution is complete abstinence from drugs. Every morning upon arising the addict must pray to God for strength to go through the day and night without touching drugs.

"I taught myself to forget about yesterday, because yesterday is gone forever and there's no remaking the past. Tomorrow may never come. So I live for today only. By adhering to this day-to-day creed, addicts like myself can cure themselves."

The only child of immigrant parents, Boston-born, platinum-haired Beverly Shaw left school at 15 to become a vaudeville actress, after a producer had seen her taking part in a community play.

Within two years she was doing singing and dancing solos, at top vaudeville billing from coast to coast.

At 18 she was runner-up to the Miss Massachusetts title and later a candidate for Miss America honors.

She was still in her teens when the Great Ziegfeld auditioned her for glorification in his Follies.

"I wanted to celebrate, so our theatrical gang threw a party at a New York hotel," she says. "They were a wild crowd, and I was silly enough to think it was fashionable to be fast.

"One of the fellows had a hypodermic syringe filled with some kind of dope. He passed it around, and everyone was injecting the narcotic into themselves. I was afraid to try it, but ashamed to be called a prude.

"I took a shot and experienced a queer exhilaration."

Marihuana, heroin, morphine became her companions after that. "I always I was sure I had will power to overcome the habit," she says.

Within three months, Beverly Shaw was pleading for death to shut out her craving for drugs.

"Imagine a wild, convulsive twitching in every nerve in your body," she says. "Imagine a craving that would drive you to batter your head against iron walls—to tear out your hair, to cut the veins of your wrists—that's how I was tormented when without drugs."

Unable to sleep, or eat properly, she was hospitalized. All forms of medical treatment failed.

Unable to work, she had to give up her career. She was banished to the underworld for contacts with dope peddlers. She became seclusive.

The helpless, beauty was wandering in a dark, downtown Boston alley out of her head from dope—when a policeman found her, arrested her.

She was sent away for two years.

"I almost went mad in the reformatory. I craved drugs to quiet my quivering nerves, but my pleas went on deaf ears."

By the time her sentence expired Beverly thought she was cured. She met a pharmacist, and married him.

"But I wasn't allowed to forget my past," she says. "I was married only a short while when I was falsely accused of trying to blackmail a man and selling dope. I swore it was a frame-up. But nobody, it seemed, wanted to take the word of an ex-dope fiend. Again I was sent away.

Her husband obtained a divorce.

When she was free once more Beverly couldn't obtain work. Disillusioned, she returned to the drug habit. Arrest followed arrest.

"On the way to the reformatory for the fifth time, a policeman sneered at me the cruel words, 'Once a dope fiend, always a dope fiend.'

"That made me angry. 'Not in my case,' I retorted.

"In desperation from that day forward, I turned to God. I had never believed in God before. But when you're down and without friends, you grasp out for God. Each day I would ask Him for strength to go the day without drugs.

"It wasn't easy. There were times when my craving for drugs seemed to overpower my determination to get well. But I forced myself to realize that only through complete abstinence could I recover."

Her faith and courage reborn, Beverly Shaw dedicated her life to rehabilitating hopeless addicts.

She became editor of a newspaper at the Framingham and Greenfield, Mass., reformatories, between which she shuttled back and forth. She wrote brilliant, enlightening editorials on the plight of drug addicts.

Following her release, she visited with Dr. Frederick J. Bailey, deputy health commissioner, who has spent more than 40 years in research on rehabilitating drug addicts. From him she gained scientific knowledge which has been of great help to her in rehabilitating addicts.

Illustrated by JAY WATSON

Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

This fragrant appeal... this luxury... *all yours*... for so little extra!

This does mean *you . . . you*, doubly lovable and appealing . . . your whole body excitingly fragrant from your bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. A subtle, lingering *fragrance men love!* It comes from our secret wedding of perfumes far more costly than you'd expect to find in any soap. Bathe every day with exquisite Cashmere Bouquet Soap . . . excellent for your complexion, too!
P. S. For 79 years, this lovely secret has aided popular girls.

Cashmere Bouquet

Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love —

Cashmere Bouquet

Nagasaki Was Destroyed by the Atom Bomb, but in Its Wake Came Word That the Killer Can Also Cure Disease.

ATOMIC ENERGY

World's Greatest Killer CURES Diffused Toxic GOITER

By G. B. Lal
Science Editor, The American Weekly

IN simple medicinal form, atomic energy is on the way to saving more lives than, in the form of bombs, it destroyed at Nagasaki and Hiroshima.

From the uranium stockpile at Oak Ridge, Tenn., radioactive iodine today is being produced in constantly increasing quantity and flowa to every part of the nation to meet the demand for treatment of persons suffering from Graves disease, or toxic goiter.

The treatment is used only for "diffuse" goiter, in which the hormone producing tissues of the thyroid gland swell up and become overactive throughout the gland, not for "nodular" goiter in which definite tumors grow in the gland. The nodular disease is treated by surgical removal of the tumorous tissues.

The treatment is being used with good results in a very high percentage of cases —as high as 90 per cent at some clinics.

These cases are, in layman's language, "out-and-out cures;" medically speaking, "remissions."

The medical profession, always wary of the phrase "permanent cure," prefers to refer to them as "very satisfactory."

Symptoms of goiter have vanished in the great number of cases receiving radioactive iodine treatment.

And though the medical profession is constantly on the alert for any later harmful results, keeping apparent cures under observation for years, no harmful results have yet been noted in any case.

In other words, from all the evidence so far established, a properly given small dose of radioactive iodine will very likely dispose of a diffuse goiter and, if it fails to do so, will cause the patient no harm.

The American Weekly first told in 1946 of the successful use of radioactive iodine in the treatment of goiter and urged that the government's uranium stockpile be made available to medical science for the benefit of mankind.

Very shortly afterward the government acted accordingly.

Up to that time radioactive iodine had been produced in cyclotrons, a slow and extremely expensive process. The first of it was made at the University of California more than 10 years ago in the cyclotron built under an endowment by the estate of the late Mrs. Phoebe Apperson Hearst, mother of William Randolph Hearst. Prof. Ernest O. Lawrence produced the medicine.

Soon afterward it was produced at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with a cyclotron under the direction of famed physicist Dr. Robley R. Evans. The cyclotron showed how the atomic pile could serve medicine.

Today's process at Oak Ridge is faster and considerably less expensive, yet the production is hardly sufficient to meet the increasing demand as the treatment becomes more and more widely accepted with mounting indication of apparently complete cure, comparable to best deep X-ray therapy.

Checking back on its own trail, The American Weekly recently contacted Mrs Anna D. Dane, of Watertown, Mass., whose own story of goiter cure by radioactive iodine was published in the issue of June 2, 1946.

"I'm in the best of health—completely cured," was her recent report, attested by her husband, Henry Dane, a Boston merchant.

Mrs. Dane, like most others who undergo the treatment, drank only one small dose of the nearly tasteless radioactive iodine in order to regain her health after she and her family had despaired of her life.

Another check with some of the nation's foremost physicians and clinicians shows that, in some 200 cases the radioactive iodine treatment has been successful in between 80 and 90 per cent of all cases and that no harmful results have been noted when the treatment was properly done by experts.

Dr. Sidney Charles Werner, professor of Medicine at the Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons, and the Presbyterian Hospital in New York; and Dr. Earle M. Chapman, of the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, have treated more than 150 cases. At a recent convention of radiologists in Boston their successful results were estimated at nine out of every ten patients.

Other enthusiastic pioneers in this field are Dr. Mayo Hamilton Soley, professor of Medicine at the University of California Medical College in San Francisco; Dr. S. M. Seidlin of the Medical Physics Research Laboratory of Montefiore Hospital, New York; Dr. L. D. Marinelli of the Memorial Hospital, New York; Dr. J. H. Means of Harvard University Medical School and Massachusetts General Hospital; and Dr. Saul Hertz of the Beth Israel Hospital, Boston, who with Dr. A. Roberts and Dr. Evans, M.I.T. physicist, prepared an extensive report of successful case histories as far back as 1942.

One of the most recent and most authoritative reports indicating medical science has finally found a simple, harmless remedy for diffuse toxic goiter is made by Prof. Robert S. Stone, physician-radiologist working with Dr. Earl Miller at University of California Medical College. He said:

"Radioactive iodine therapy for Graves disease has given very good and successful results in some 90 per cent of cases. The latest method is to give small doses more frequently. This prevents too much destruction of thyroid activity."

In New York, Dr. Irving Stomach, noted clinician working with radiologists, declared:

"This is the treatment of choice—perfect for diffuse toxic goiter. It is safe even though it is experimental."

The Atomic Drink—Colorless, Odorless, Tasteless, Like the Purest of Water—Is Science's Newest Disease Killer. The Dose, Usually Small, Invariably Is Diluted With Water.

* * * PART OF THE AMERICAN SCENE * * *

Coffee Time *is any time when neighbors pass a friendly house on a chill winter day. A welcome interlude in a long, cold journey. And because Maxwell House is America's favorite . . . coffee time is Maxwell House time wherever you go. Painted in the Vermont hills by Paul Sample.*

Because that "Good to the Last Drop" flavor adds so much real enjoyment to our daily living, Maxwell House is America's favorite, of ALL *brands of coffee, at* ANY *price! North, South, East, or West, Maxwell House is truly part of the American Scene.*

Throughout this nation of coffee lovers **MORE PEOPLE BUY AND ENJOY MAXWELL HOUSE THAN ANY OTHER BRAND OF COFFEE!**

TUNE IN . . . Maxwell House Coffee Time . . . starring George Burns and Gracie Allen, NBC, Thursday night.

Whitey Bimstein Needed Less Than a Minute to Give Rocky Graziano "a New Life" and Make Him World's Middleweight Champ.

By Dan Parker

ANYONE suffering from a tooth ache who wants to have the torturing tusk removed painlessly is hereby advised to confront Rocky Graziano, the world's middleweight champion, and shout "Whitey Bimstein is a no good so and so!"

Rocky will knock out the tooth and its owner with it.

Nobody can say anything bad about Whitey Bimstein to Graziano because, aside from the fact that nobody could traduce Mr. Bimstein, Graziano knows that if it weren't for Whitey, he wouldn't now hold the title once held by Stanley Ketchel.

Whitey Bimstein is a shining example of the compensations life holds for those who, not succeeding at first, try, try again. As Johnny White, a bantamweight boxer who earned $35 a fight, he was a big flop. As Whitey Bimstein, he has become the outstanding trainer and handler of fighters in the ring today, commanding as much as $5,000 a fight.

At the Chicago Stadium that night last July when Tony Zale was defending his middleweight crown for the second time within a year against Graziano, Rocky stumbled blindly to his corner at the end of the third round, a badly beaten fighter.

Graziano's chances at that moment were about one in a hundred. As the referee called the club physician to look over the contender's eyes, those who had backed Rocky gloomily prepared to pay off.

But, even before the official physician had left his seat, a dead-panned chap of medium height with a fringe of blond hair around his bald pate was conducting a race against time. He bent over Rocky in his corner, washing out the wounds over his eyes and applied a coagulating agent.

Ten or 15 seconds later when the doctor arrived at Graziano's side, he found, not three gaping wounds that gushed blood but three barely discernible lines across the brow.

"This boy is all right," the doctor told the referee.

The rest is ring history. Given a "new life" by the doctor, Rocky fought like a demon. In the sixth round he had the aging champion in a bad way. The same referee who had wanted to save Graziano from slaughter at the end of the third stopped the fight to protect Zale. Rocky Graziano became the world's middleweight champion. Whitey had done his work.

It was an old story for dead pan Whitey. In the three decades he has been training and seconding boxers, he has converted defeat into victory for 12 champions or contenders by either beating them back from the foggy precincts of dreamland or staunching a hemorrhage.

Fully 50 fighters of lesser stature were saved from the ignominy of a knockout by 40-second miracles performed by Whitey.

Forty seconds for a miracle, you ask? That's all a fight second has in which to do his work. There's a one-minute rest interval between rounds. It takes the second 10 seconds to climb into the ring and get in position to work over his fighter. Ten seconds before the intermission is up, a warning signal sounds and the second must leave the ring, whether his man is on his toes, rarin' to go or, as Mushky Jackson, once said, "in a deep transom."

Many men practice Whitey Bimstein's profession but there aren't more than a dozen handlers in America who really know their business. The average second is an ignorant gym hanger-on who hasn't the faintest conception of his duties and is more interested in his fee than in his client and whose unsanitary methods have caused blindness.

Bimstein, having been a boxer himself once and having learned his present trade under such skilful handlers as the late Doc Bagley, Harry Lenny and Gus Wilson, is thoroughly grounded in all branches of the art of training and seconding a fighter.

For many years he and Ray Arcel, another top-notcher, worked as a team. A few years ago, the combination broke up and each has worked individually ever since. Each commands a high fee. Whitey averages about $1,000, although $5,000 jobs aren't rare.

Bimstein and Arcel learned early to avoid the indiscriminate use of collodion, a coagulating agent which is dangerous in the wrong hands and besides builds up ridges of scar tissue when used around the eyes. They found out that pressure and ordinary vaseline would heal an average cut.

Bimstein thinks the best handling is done during the training period. If a fighter is sent into the ring in good condition and knows his business, the second will have an easy time of it, barring such emergencies as deep cuts.

Diathermy machines, infra-red ray lamps and other health contraptions are among his stock in trade, but the only gadgets anyone ever sees Whitey with in the ring are the inevitable pair of cotton-covered tooth picks stuck in his mouth, a sponge and a bottle he pulls from his pocket when the need arises.

This may contain a blood staunching drug or it may be a mixture of brandy, honey and lemon juice.

Whitey didn't have much schooling himself but his offspring are brilliant students. His son Jerry, late of Brooklyn College is studying photography. His daughter Adele teaches at George Washington High School in New York. Whitey is inordinately proud of her, as he well should be. As he explains it, "She graduated Hunter College, Phi Beta Kaplan."

MEDICAL HUCKSTERS

Profiteers in Sorrow

By Morris Fishbein, M.D.,
Editor, Journal of the American Medical Ass'n.,
and William Engle

Everyone should have a family doctor. In your community if you want one and don't know how to choose one, communicate with your County Medical Society which will provide you with a list of reputable physicians. The society is a branch of the American Medical Association

Morris Fishbein, M.D.

Illustrated by WATSON LITTLE

"Come Into My Private Office," a Voice Said, and Mary Hung Upon the Words as If They Were a Promise That Would Turn Back Time.

AS the Federal Food and Drug Administration pieced together the sequence of events later, it began with Mary Smith's halting, whimpering talk with her girl friend next door.

"Just do as I tell you," the girl friend told her. "See this doctor. He has something new. It's painless and harmless, and you'll be all right."

"I'll see him," said Mary.

Her appointment was for 9:30 o'clock in the morning, and she was on time. In his reception room in a Midwest city (all of this is federal record) she waited until he came to her and said that he was ready.

"Come into my private office," he said. She obeyed. And her mission was the same as that which will take 350,000 other desperate and terrified young women into other doctors' private offices this year.

She was feeling well, physically. She was pretty and popular and eager to live. But a terrible fear had almost stifled her. She was about to bring a new life into the world, and she was sure she would have to do this unless a miracle happened.

This doctor in this Midwest city was waiting to perform that miracle in an extraordinary new way. He used no needle and, as others in his illegal racket often have done, days long gone by.

On this morning, at 10 o'clock, he merely administered to Mary a small amount of a chemical compound in question. He told her that soon all her worries would be over, and he directed her to a near-by rooming house where he had made reservation for her, as he had made reservations for others, lost in remorse, the whole wretched device for

MARY went to the rooming house. The landlady took her to a room. Mary was restless. Then the pain began. She could not stand it. She cried out.

"I bring you some soup," the landlady said, and then Mary grew worse.

"I bring you some coffee," the landlady said, and she brought that. Mary was coughing shudders and her face was a pale bluish white. The landlady called the doctor.

Arriving, and seeing Mary, he summoned a reputed physician, not in this business. Mary, in great pain, grew worse. A little before 1 o'clock the other doctor came.

The other doctor had only to glance at Mary, then he summoned an ambulance. The ambulance took her to a hospital, and physicians there gave her oxygen. But Mary was past the potency of oxygen or anything else in the world.

A few minutes after she was received at the hospital she died. It was half past one in the afternoon, four hours after she had kept the appointment with the man who had a remedy, safe and sure.

The remedy killed her. The Food and Drug Administration established that later. It found that the compound's ingredients were a fat-free soft-soap base combined with potassium iodide. Its mildest action is violent. In Mary's case, it reached the blood stream and produced an acute heart failure.

What was this deadly compound? How did this little Midwest doctor happen to have it? Who made it? Who vended it? What man or men put this agency of death into the hands of an obscure, unscrupulous medical practitioner?

These were questions which, in Mary's case, the Food and Drug Administration could answer because it had been answering similar ones in other cases up and down the country.

The questions began to reach the office of Dr. Gordon A. Granger (pseudo), of the Administration, in the late 1920s and then put into action an investigation which took Dr. Granger and Joseph L. Maguire, semi-attorney in the office of the general counsel, to almost every state in the union.

They were piling up evidence against the master mind behind the distribution of the chemical compound. They needed not a little evidence, but a vast amount. The federal law is so technical that they had to plug myriad loopholes.

First news of the compound came to us with death reports," said Dr. Granger recently. "We began to receive word of young women dying mysteriously in the East, and Middle West, and West. Each one after administration of a new compound.

He and Mr. Maguire went to work with field agents under them, and presently they learned that the death-dealing chemical was a modification of a remedy which had first been introduced in Germany. There, although successful in many instances, it had caused so many fatalities that the Federal Ministry of Interior had banned it.

Thereafter a renegade doctor had slightly altered the formula. A new company had been formed and it was an agent of this company which brought the peril to the United States.

The agent was blue-eyed, blond Adolf G. Schickert, standing five feet 11, weighing 180, soft spoken, fine featured; a man of grace, with a degree of Doctor of Philosophy; a German citizen.

No one could seem less furtive than he; everything above board. No smoother operator ever said he had a cure for a young girl's heartbreak and balm for the anxiety of a married woman who felt she should not have another child.

He did not go directly to the public, of course, he was big time; his object was to sell only at wholesale. In Newark, N. J., he set up a factory, and he began to circularize doctors from the east coast to the west.

Shrewdly, he did not even hint that his product could be put to illegal use by the criminal fringe of the medical profession. He proposed it only as a means at the disposal of ethical doctors who occasionally might use it in cases where a woman's life would be at stake if she were to bear a child.

"Safe and effective," his literature said. "Simple to use." "Recommended for therapeutic procedure." "Highly successful in Germany where its formula was perfected."

HE WAS referring to a formula only a little modified from the original formula devised by a German chemist who went to prison for the deaths of girls killed by the compound which he administered. He did not mention the chemist nor the ban on the compound in Germany.

Orders began to come in, but not from ethical doctors. The professional medical law breakers spotted the advantages to themselves. "Safe and effective." They had been waiting for something like this.

They were the ones who bought, and it was from their dismal offices one floor up (and occasionally a bigger, luxurious establishment) that distraught girls and anxious wives, from coast to coast, soon began to walk away as patients having had the miraculous new chemical.

Some walked away safe, their trouble over. Many walked away to their death.

As Dr. Granger and Mr. Maguire, directing the Administration's exhaustive investigation, came upon one tragedy after another, they perceived that the compound dealt death in two widely differing ways.

One way was devastatingly quick, the heart failure such as seized Mary. The other was slow. It was in this second way that a Wisconsin school teacher (federal records show) gave her life.

Most of the women treated with the compound were married, the long inquiry disclosed, but the young schoolteacher was single. Fearing to go to an ethical physician, she told her story to an 80-year-old renegade whose hands were so continuously trembling that he could not have performed a delicate operation. He did not hesitate, however, to accept the girl's case. He used no instrument. He administered the poison.

All seemed to go well. The simple procedure ended, she went to a rooming house to rest, and from there her fiance took her home. At home she grew violently ill. An ethical local doctor was called. He sent her to a hospital. Surgeons worked with him.

They gave her 11 transfusions, but against the invading poison these were futile. Steadily, the girl grew weaker. The compound perforated the walls of vital organs. She fought for her life four weeks, and then she died of peritonitis.

She died, and others died and here at there, in one state and another, shady doctors, up for manslaughter, went to the penitentiary for killing with the compound. Safe laws could trap them, and penalties ranged up to 15 years. But against the master mind behind the poison's distribution only the federal law could be invoked.

Painstakingly the Food and Drug men built up their evidence so that they might invoke that law, and meanwhile the fat-head German Schickert, kept on selling. His company, which had been organized in Frankfurt, Germany, kept on manufacturing in Newark.

IN A single year he distributed 40,000 tubes (each containing three doses) of the compound. The manufacturing cost was about 20 cents a tube. The price to doctors was $3.75 a tube.

The formula called for alkaline iodine elements, thymol, tincture of benzoin and myrrh in a fat-free, soft-soap base.

It was a devil's brew, and the Food and Drug investigators believe that many of the doctors who used it did not care. They were willing to risk it. They had been disreputable for years. Shunned by ethical, medical men, they practiced with credentials obtained from diploma mills.

"In only two cases we found reputable physicians using the drug," says Mr. Maguire. "They didn't know its danger. They had it on hand only as a therapeutic agent in cases which in their judgment justified its ethical use."

The criminal practitioners—with their bogus diplomas or their falsified records—were all that they began to seize shipments in interstate commerce. They prepared to show that even if doctors followed manufacturers' instructions, the compound was "dangerous to health." They did it with unwavering thoroughness.

They rounded up witnesses as if they were working up evidence for a murder trial. They interviewed convicted physicians in penitentiaries. They got the stories of rooming house keepers to whom physicians had sent patients. Legitimate doctors who had been summoned in emergency by renegades talked to them. Hospital authorities carried case histories on a little farther. Nurses gave their bit.

Finally, there were the data of the toxicologists and the coroners' reports.

Slowly and certainly, they wove what they hoped would be an unbreakable web around the tall, polished German and the others who had followed his ruthless lead.

One convicted practitioner told them he had acted in the cases of 1,500 young women. Officers entered the home of another with a search warrant and found 400 unused tubes of one variety of the poison and in the bedroom of the criminal's wife 57 empty tubes.

SCHICKERT must have known all along that he could depend on such as these. Conscienceless, they were willing to flout both the laws of men and the laws of the spirit. They thought of the cash returns.

So did Schickert. He preyed on their cupidity just as they preyed on the fear of their patients.

The Food and Drug men knew this, and they knew that to banish the poison they must stop the source of supply. They must crush both Schickert and his manufacturing imitators.

They were patient. They waited until their evidence was mountainous. Then they struck.

They brought condemnation suits first, asking that seized shipments be destroyed and drawing out the evidence of the defense; then they began injunction actions to stop the sale of products.

Finally, they struck with criminal actions against distributors.

Their victory was overwhelming. Three defendants went to a federal penitentiary. In two other cases fines were imposed. Against Schickert their major defendant, they built their greatest case—and found they did not have to present it.

The stage of the trial was set in Newark. Government witnesses were called from as far away as the West Coast. Schickert tinkered as an enemy alien after Pearl Harbor and defied almost to the end. Then he was shrewd enough to see that the long, deadly game was up. Abruptly, he pleaded guilty.

His sentence was 18 months. Serving his time he emerged last year to find his business stamped out, and deportation proceedings confronting him.

His blue eyes clouded and he hung his head. America wouldn't have him. America sent him back to the land that spawned him.

Your Friend—
THE DINING CAR STEWARD

By Wesley Hartzell

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR Is Enhanced by These Men Who Diplomatically and Efficiently Strive to Make Your Train Ride as Enjoyable as Possible.

A BLIZZARD had halted all rail traffic west of Chicago. Twelve trains of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe were stranded in Fort Madison, Iowa, unable to proceed east or west. In one day, while the snow whirled about the motionless cars, hungry passengers emptied the larders of all 12 diners.

Steward Charles Schirmer of the Super Chief scratched his head. The next day was Sunday and all stores would be closed. He bundled up warmly, fought his way through the drifts to the house of a friend, arriving there at 5 a.m. Together they made up a list of store owners.

A few hours later they set off on a tour of churches, asking the store owners in the congregation to open up and supply the passengers. Ample food found its way to the stranded trains by truck, wagon and individual. No passenger went hungry.

This is just one example of the resourcefulness of railroad diner stewards throughout the country when the welfare of their charges is threatened. The suave gentleman who escorts you to a dining-car seat is much more than the custodian of your food en route.

He is prepared to meet all emergencies to see not only that your gastronomical needs are fulfilled, but that you suffer no discomfort or embarrassment if it can be avoided.

There was the time Herbert Hoover, then President, posed a problem to steward Leonard Kusch of the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific's streamliner Olympian. It looked as though Hoover, a great devotee of California orange juice, would have to go without his favorite drink. The Olympian had run short of the fruit somewhere in Iowa.

Kusch consulted the conductor, who told the train stop at one town after another until enough California oranges were collected so that the President could have his pitcher of orange juice for the rest of the trip.

On another occasion Schirmer had in his dining car Homer Cummings, U. S. Attorney General, his wife and a famous movie actress. Spotting the actress, Mrs. Cummings told Schirmer she'd like to meet her.

The steward relayed the request to the actress, who said, without thinking: "Fine. Bring her to my compartment." A delicate point of protocol was raised: Should the wife of an Attorney General be bidden to the compartment of an actress? Schirmer thought not. He told the star later:

"Mrs. Cummings is indisposed. Could you come to see her?"

The actress could. Diplomacy smoothed out an awkward situation.

Stewards can stand on their pride, too. During the war Carol Buckner, veteran steward on the Chicago & North Western, found himself feeding a number of British Navy officers and men on their way to the Coast to pick up a lend-lease vessel.

He was bitterly berated by the officers for "not serving enough food." Buckner pointed out that their tickets called for the same food served American GIs. There was nothing more he could do. The officers continued to needle him. The date was July 4, 1943. Finally, Buckner burst out:

"This, Gentlemen, is America, and this is the Fourth of July. The day stands for the fact that we don't have to take any more of your guff!"

He also remembers the time Tallulah Bankhead spilled champagne in the car. To break the power of the feared jinx, the actress rubbed champagne behind the ears of every one in the car, accompanying the ceremony with a resounding kiss.

On one occasion Buckner was scolded by a woman passenger who'd had her nylons ruined by a dropped dish. She wanted the waiter dismissed and $11 from Buckner for the damage. Another woman came to his rescue. She said:

"Lady, if you paid $11 for those stockings, they're black market. If I were you I wouldn't even mention it."

The complainant subsided.

On another occasion steward Schirmer's train was laid up for four days by a blizzard near Syracuse, Kan. The passengers got bored and irritable. On the fourth day a farmer drew alongside the train with a truck loaded with cases of beer bottles labeled "tea."

This was in the days of Prohibition and, with a broad wink, the farmer asked Schirmer if the train would like to buy some "powerful strong tea." Schirmer said no. But the passengers had other ideas. They rushed to buy, at a quarter a bottle, heeding the farmer's dire warning: "Don't drink it until you get in the diner, or there'll be some arrests."

After the farmer had gone, the passengers discovered that the stuff really was tea.

William O'Grady, steward on the New York Central's Twentieth Century Limited, recalls little Violet "Curly Top" Schmidt, who, from the age of 3 to 13, never missed a day waving to his train as it went past her home in Elkhart, Ind. O'Grady, as well as the rest of the train crew and many passengers waved back.

O'Grady helped to publicize Violet one of eight children in a poor family, and she became nationally known.

Bert Hertl, steward for the Santa Fe, improvised a wedding reception for Bill Heiss, member of the Illinois team returning from the 1947 Rose Bowl game. As Bill and the girl he had married on the Coast entered Hertl's diner, he presented them with a big wedding cake, and every diner got a piece for dessert.

Another time Hertl helped "Happy" Chandler, now baseball commissioner, but then a Senator, play a trick on his daughters. Coming into the diner, the Senator winked at Hertl and said:

"Bert, my daughters don't believe they serve roast American eagle on the Super Chief. Rustle up one for them, will you?"

Hertl came back with a steaming, savory food. Eyes wide, the girls devoured it, exclaiming over its flavor. It wasn't until they left the train that they were told the "eagle" was turkey.

Stewards sometimes find themselves the center of ludicrous situations, too—like the time a prize-fighter was handed a crab with one claw missing. The superstitious pugilist called the steward over, asking how come. The steward suggested the crab had lost a claw in a fight with a brother crab.

"Well, take this has-been back," said the angry fighter, "and bring me the winner!"

Steward Charles Schirmer Returned Through the Snow Drifts Triumphantly Laden With Food for the Hungry Passengers on the Stalled Train.

★ ★ Illustrated by LEE CONREY ★ ★

LADY, RELAX!

...IN JUST 7 MINUTES YOU CAN COOK A SWELL MACARONI-AND-CHEESE MAIN DISH

Speedy . . . thrifty . . . hearty . . . delicious! A Kraft Dinner macaroni-and-cheese main dish really "fills the bill"—particularly these days!

Put it out "plain" in a serving dish for jiffy service. The special Kraft Dinner macaroni cooks so *fluffy*-light in just 7 minutes! The Kraft Grated (plenty in every package) gives such fine cheese flavor!

Or--for a *special* treat—pack the hot Kraft Dinner firmly into a 6½-in. ring mold. Unmold; fill the center of the ring with creamed mushroom stems which have been sautéed in butter or Parkay Margarine. Garnish with the mushroom caps also sautéed, and topped with a bit of pimiento cut with a fancy cutter.

COSTS ONLY A FEW CENTS A SERVING

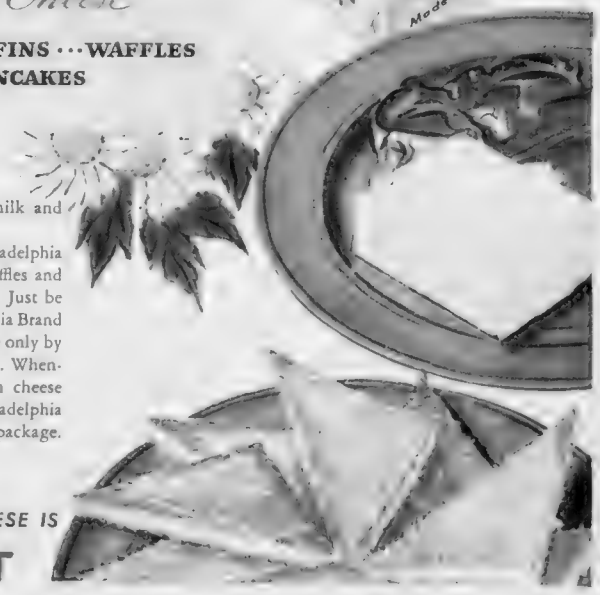
Copr. 1945 by Kraft Foods Company

Fresh ideas

FOR BREAKFAST OR BRUNCH!

This Guaranteed Fresh Cream Cheese

ON TOAST···MUFFINS···WAFFLES AND PANCAKES



Just ordinary breakfast toast becomes an *extra*-ordinary treat when you set out Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese to spread on it along with the jelly or jam!

There's a delicate richness, an exquisitely *fresh* flavor that goes great at breakfast. And Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese is a wholesome treat, too; it gives the family food energy, vitamin A, plus other important milk and cream nutrients.

Taste cool, creamy Philadelphia Brand on hot breads, waffles and pancakes, too. Delicious! Just be sure it's *genuine* Philadelphia Brand you buy—the brand made only by Kraft and *guaranteed fresh*. Whenever you shop for cream cheese always *see* the words "Philadelphia Brand" *printed* on every package.

GENUINE PHILADELPHIA BRAND CREAM CHEESE IS MADE ONLY BY **KRAFT**

The Decadence of MODERN ART

A Noted Expert Explains That Painting Today Is a Revival of the Profane Black Magic Used by Witch Doctors to Obtain Power

By T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings

ONE HUNDRED years from now, assuming there are still attics, there will be a stock of decadent paintings on the floor joists where once hung in the old fashioned air conditioned houses of 1948. Obviously they will no longer be called "modern." Time will have taken care of that.

The antique hunter of the future will be at some pains to explain to his friends what the art significance of the collectors of today was. Just why it should have to be explained is something of a mystery. Perhaps the truth of the matter was best stated by one of London's most famous art critics, in analyzing the pictures of Picasso.

He described them as "black magic, no more no less," adding that "black magic is also the cult of personal power and fame goes with it." The critic was close to the mark however startling it may sound.

For some time now, the more shrewd observers of the weird distorted paintings and the twisted tortured sculpture that are called modern art have known that the whole thing was nothing more or less than a revival of the distorted and tortured fetishes and masks, used in tribal jungle ceremonies by witch doctors.

The story begins in the 19th century. Kings and aristocracy, always the rich patrons of artists, had been torn from power. The new middle classes born of the Industrial Revolution ran the show.

Intent on science and progress, these newcomers had no taste for princes and pompous portraiture. Artists became unemployable.

It so happened that the 19th century scientists, tracing the history of mankind, began to explore primitive life. From Africa, the Arctic, the islands of the Pacific they brought back to Europe the masks and fetishes, the totem poles and totems, carvings, and the painted ceremonial sheets used by the witch doctors.

The witch doctors used very simple methods to create a belief in their magic powers.

Their first problem was to rivet the attention of their audience, and they knew that nothing holds attention so much as a familiar object in weird distortion. Accordingly, they took something as ordinary as a man's face and by carefully guarded incantations turned it into a monstrosity of mystery.

The effect was spectacular. The audience was fascinated and awed. They believed implicitly in the supernatural powers of the witch doctors.

The unemployed artists lost no time in turning these magic tricks to their advantage. A group of German artists were the first to make use of these magic tricks as long ago as the turn of the century.

The artists took an everyday scene in German life—a fishing boat, a street, or a man's face—and by distorting them almost beyond recognition and splashing them in monstrous gobs of shocking colors they stopped the ordinary man dead in his tracks.

While the spectator stood confused and hypnotized at seeing his familiar world so dislocated, he was told that what he saw was the result of a new supernatural vision of "genius," a vision unattainable by lesser mortals. It was the identical process used by the witch doctors.

This was only the beginning, however, for once the artists had the clue to the secrets of the primitive magicians, they went on to utilize and bring back into popular belief all the long-forgotten superstitions of occultism.

The greatest collection of this occult lore had been gathered together by a Russian necromancer named Helena Petrovna Blavatsky who died in 1891.

Madame Blavatsky was an implicit believer in magic, a belief not shared, however, by the Psychical Research Society who denounced her as one of the most accomplished impostors in history.

Regardless of this exposure, modern artists are among Madame Blavatsky's devoted followers. Kandinsky, the abstract painter and one of the founders of modern art, was an avowed Blavatsky fan.

One of the claims of the Blavatsky cultists was that people and objects were surrounded by psychic, colored abstract forms, which they called "thought forms." In 1903 an illustrated book of typical "thought forms" was published.

This was the beginning of abstract painting, for Kandinsky lifted the idea of abstractionism right out of the book on "thought forms."

Another of the leaders of modern art, an Italian named Marinetti, was called the John the Baptist of Fascism by Mussolini.

Marinetti's particular ism was called Futurism. The Futurists claimed that man had no more significance than a stone, and that accordingly all his thinking should be controlled by a dictatorship of artists. Men, said Marinetti, are robots dedicated to the state.

It was an idea that appealed to Mussolini and his fascist following and Marinetti and Il Duce marched on Rome together.

Until recently the secret of modern art and its connection with occultism and Fascism has been well kept. Inside such glittering shrines of modernity as the Museum of Modern Art in New York, very little is said of Marinetti's link with Fascism or of Kandinsky's connection with Madame Blavatsky and the occult.

But behind the sleek architecture, the fashionable opening nights, and the credulous enthusiasts worshipping the newest Picasso, the skeletons in the closets are a-rattle.

The ghosts of the plagiarized witch doctors are demanding their right to be acknowledged as founders of what is so mistakenly called "modern" art.

The Prize-Winning Painting, "Cyclops," by William Baziotes, Like Most Modern Paintings, Had to Be Explained to Spectators at the Chicago Art Institute, Where It Won First Prize.

Illustrated by E. C. VAN SWEARINGEN

T. H. ROBSJOHN-GIBBINGS is the author of one of the most talked about books of recent times—*Mona Lisa's Mustache*.* "Modern art," says Robsjohn-Gibbings, "is neither modern nor art. It is a revival of one of the oldest methods of getting power. It is a revival of the tricks of visual distortion used by primitive witch doctors, together with all the more recent hocus-pocus of occultism." In this article especially written for THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, he briefs the history of the whole mystic shenanigans. When you've read it, you'll be wise to one of the best kept secrets of the studios of New York and Paris.

*Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

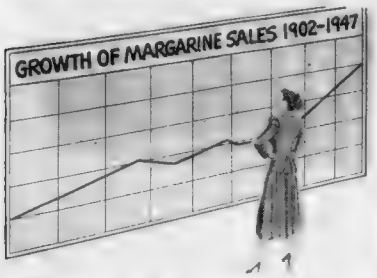
WHY DO I HAVE TO COLOR MARGARINE *Myself?*

IF YOU'VE EVER SAID THAT —*Here's the Answer:*—

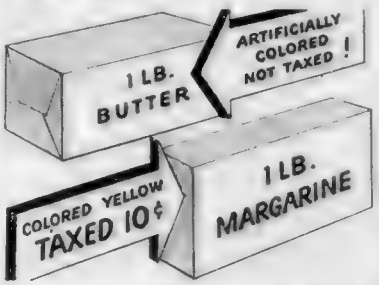
There's an out-of-date "spite tax" still in existence which makes you pay a Federal tax of ten cents a pound on margarine *if it's colored yellow.* A tax backed by a selfish butter lobby!- (They thought nobody would buy *white* margarine!)

This tax doesn't do Uncle Sam any good! It costs him more to collect than he gets in revenue. All it really accomplishes is to make you buy white margarine and color it yourself a job the producers could do *at no cost to you!*

It doesn't do housewives any good. Just makes work! Coloring isn't a *big* job—but why should *you* do it? . . . And don't let them tell you it's to prevent margarine being sold as *butter.* Margarine must be plainly labeled—*by law!*



It doesn't even do the butter manufacturers any good—for it hasn't kept margarine sales from climbing. How could it, when margarine is so delicious, so economical, and the equivalent of butter in the important nutritive values? America needs *both* margarine and butter!



It doesn't make sense because most butter is artificially colored with the same approved ingredient used to color margarine. Yet not taxed! Does that make sense to *you?* If not—discuss the unfair "spite tax" on margarine with your friends. Let every woman know the *facts!*

This advertisement is published in the interests of the American consumer by

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR MARGARINE

Rich in food energy, a fine source of vitamin A—and every pound always tastes fresh and sweet because it's freshly made, to order, all year round. Nutritious, delicious, *and* thrifty—Nucoa is a fine example of a fine basic food!

NUCOA

A PRODUCT OF THE BEST FOODS, INC.

FREE BOOKLET! *For full details on the margarine situation—write for the new free booklet, "Why Can't I Get Yellow Margarine?" Address, The Best Foods, Inc., 1 East 43rd Street, New York 17, N. Y.*

FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT TO YELLOW MARGARINE!

"Grace!" The Prostrate Man Gasped. "Help Grace." And in the Dim Light of the Lantern the Farmer and His Wife Saw That Their Neighbor Was Wounded.

CASE OF THE

By Peter Levins

FARMER Chet Mills suddenly found himself wide awake, and listening. What had wrenched him out of his deep sleep?

Then he heard something outside. He shook Mrs. Mills, saying, "Listen! Isn't that somebody shouting for help?"

Mrs. Mills agreed. The faint cries were coming from Angola road, outside the Mills farm house near Swanton, Ohio. "Someone's been hurt!" she exclaimed.

Mills pulled on his trousers and shoes, lighted a lantern and hastened out. Immediately he came upon the prostrate form of Fred Lehman, whose farm home was directly across the way. He lay near the Mills mail box, bleeding from several wounds.

"Grace!" Lehman gasped. "Help Grace!"

"Is she hurt too?" Mills asked.

Lehman's reply was an incoherent mumble.

With the aid of his two sons Mills carried Lehman into the Lehman living room. They placed him on a couch, noting that he had been shot in the left shoulder and left leg.

The Lehman telephone had apparently been put out of commission, so Mills sent one of the boys down to the home of Lehman's father, Dan. Mrs. Mills meanwhile lighted the coal oil lamps in the sitting room and kitchen.

The illumination revealed that various drawers had been opened and that trinkets and papers littered the floor.

Mrs. Mills then proceeded into the downstairs bedroom.

"Grace!" she cried.

But there was no response from Mrs. Lehman, although she was breathing.

The attractive, dark-haired farm wife lay on the bed in her nightgown. No bedclothes covered her, and she lay perfectly straight, her hands by her side and her feet together.

There was blood on her forehead and face.

"Grace, Grace!" she repeated. "What's the matter? Tell me what's wrong?"

All she heard from the bed was that heavy, labored breathing. Mrs. Mills turned quickly. As she passed Lehman lying on the couch, he inquired weakly about his wife.

"She's unconscious," she replied. "I'm going over to our place and call a doctor."

Her phone calls brought speedy help. Three doctors rushed to the Lehman home, followed by Sheriff W. S. Boone and a deputy.

Before this time—5 a. m., Sept. 17, 1917—Grace Hall Lehman had breathed her last. She had been shot once in the temple.

As for her 26-year-old husband, besides the gunshot wounds, he had sustained several knife cuts on his chest and a bruise on the right forehead. He recovered to tell his story.

He said that he and Grace had spent the previous day, Sunday, at a family reunion at Swanton, then returned home at about dusk.

"Neither of us felt like eating," he said, "so we sat around playing the phonograph until about 8. Then we went to bed.

"I got up several times during the night. The last time, while I was in the back yard, I heard a noise in the barn—sounded as though a horse was down. I went over to the barn, and right away noticed that the big sliding doors were half open, whereas I had left them open only about eight inches. I did that so our young collie could get in."

He said he started to enter the barn, and as

SILENT COLLIE

he did so three men attacked him. One hit him with a club of some kind, but it was a glancing blow and he had managed to remain on his feet.

"I tried to reach my car, only a few feet away in the barn—I wanted to switch on the lights. But they knocked me down and put a handkerchief over my mouth so I couldn't talk. They told me they had been drafted for the army, that they were due to leave tomorrow, and that they weren't going without money.

"They also said they weren't going to leave me behind, either."

(He referred to the circumstance that he and Lehman Sr. had not exhibited much enthusiasm over the idea of fighting Germany.)

Lehman went on to relate that his assailants had taken his pocketbook, containing some $20, then produced a rope.

"They said they were going to hang me. That frightened me so much that I was able to break loose and run. I was heading for the house when I heard two shots and felt the bullets hit me. They knocked me down.

"I dragged myself toward the Mills place. I shouted for help, and then I lost consciousness."

Lehman said he had cashed a milk check for $55 on Saturday. He'd put some of the money in a secret drawer in the buffet, which gave evidence of having been ransacked. Sheriff Boone found about $35 in the drawer.

Meanwhile, neighbors had arrived from miles around. They trooped about the rooms, fingered the furniture, gazed wide-eyed at Grace Lehman, lying on her bed in that curiously straight arrangement of her limbs.

Before long there were so many fingerprints in and about the house, and such a congestion of footprints in the barnyard, that Sherlock Holmes would have thrown up his gaunt hands.

Long a farmer himself, the sheriff applied his knowledge and experience to the problem of solving the night's strange events.

In his inspection he noticed that a staple had been pulled out of the chicken coop door, that a pair of pinchers lay near by; also a gunny sack such as chicken thieves might utilize.

In the barn, site of the attack, he saw a 15-foot length of rope dangling from a rafter. It had been fixed with a slip knot, as if in preparation for a hanging. Lehman's empty pocketbook lay on a stack of hay.

As Boone had suspected, the telephone wires had been cut close to the house.

As he re-entered the house, he mulled over the possibility of this being a tragedy of the war. When hostilities got under way, the war had seemed very remote indeed from Fulton County. But the fever had mounted with the Liberty Loan drives, the calling of the National Guard, and finally the adoption of the draft.

SOME of the local lads had already been called to Camp Sherman. Fred Lehman seemed likely to go and he had not liked the idea.

Naturally his attitude had aroused the young patriots of the county. No doubt they might have wished to "teach him a lesson."

But how did all that tie in with Grace's death? Had she, awakened and alarmed, rushed out of the house and recognized one of the marauders?

"Guess I need help," Boone told himself.

Acting on this impulse, he contacted Sheriff Bob Gardner at Toledo, and Deputy Sheriff Charles Ray of Lenaway County, Mich. He also requested Police Chief Henry Herbert of Toledo to assign a couple of his best men to the crime.

Next, Sheriff Boone asked the three doctors if they could contribute anything toward the solution of his problem. Their reports were interesting but to some extent contradictory.

Dr. Lewis C. Cosgrove, the family physician, said he had arrived at the house at 3:20 a. m.

Mrs. Lehman being now dead, he had cleansed the husband's wounds and taken the usual precautions against tetanus.

"I do not believe that Mrs. Lehman was shot while lying in her bed," he said.

Dr. H. E. Brailey agreed with him. Both pointed out that little blood had been found on the pillows or bedclothes. Yet, from the location of the wound, it did seem as if the shot had been fired from above.

Dr. Park S. Bishop, county coroner, who had removed the .22 caliber bullet, argued that the paucity of blood could not be cited as an indication that she had not been shot in her bed. He pointed out that the temple region is one portion of the scalp which has fat or muscular tissue. Because of this, blood vessels in the area would stop bleeding much quicker than in other parts of the scalp.

"It would seem to me," he added, "that the external covering of the brain, being a fibrous tissue, would prevent blood from getting out."

During that first morning of the investigation County Surveyor Morton S. Griffin made a detailed layout of the property, giving particular attention to distances.

Griffin's measurements included these:

The house fronted on a lane that ran east from Angola road, 300 feet from the barn.

A BRICK outbuilding stood 40 feet back of the house, and 30 feet back of this was another outbuilding.

"It would have been closer for you to have entered the barn by a side door," said Sheriff Boone after he had studied the layout. "Why didn't you, Fred?"

Lehman explained that he went in the front way because his car was there. He had intended to switch on the lights to see if a horse was down in his stall.

"Here's another thing," said Boone. "The Mills dog was tied up in their back yard. And you had a collie. But nobody heard a *dog* bark."

"Well, I know I didn't," said Fred.

"Maybe the dogs knew the visitors," the officer suggested.

"Probably did, sheriff."

Oscar Mills, elder of the two Mills boys, had been to Toledo that Sunday night, Boone learned. He had hitched his horse at Swanton, then taken a ride. His return train had reached the station at 12:35 a. m., and he and two companions had then headed homeward.

"I walked the horse the last quarter of a mile, then fed it," said Oscar. "It must have been at least 2 o'clock before I went to bed."

However, he had fallen asleep at once, so his story didn't seem to be of much help.

Boone again addressed Fred Lehman:

"Studying Mort's layout here," he said, "I note that you were never farther away from Grace than 200 feet. Yet you say you did not hear the shot that killed her."

"Don't forget, sheriff," said Lehman, "that I was half conscious myself at that time. I might have heard it, but I don't remember it at this time."

Sheriff Boone talked—or rather listened—to various neighbors, knowing that when a murder happens in a rural community the neighbors usually function as excellent adjuncts to justice.

Thus Leo and Alcy Fenton came into the picture.

The Fentons lived in a small house on a rented 50-acre tract within a mile of the Lehman place. They had been married nine years and had a daughter. Fred and Leo had been boyhood chums; Grace and Alcy had known each other all their lives.

A few months before the tragedy, Fred had purchased a car, and since the Fentons possessed only a horse and buggy, the Lehmans had been taking the Fentons to the meeting of a lodge every other Thursday night, and to town almost every Saturday night.

ON AUG. 13, a month before her death, Grace had gone to Edgerton to visit relatives, and had remained four days. On that same Aug. 13, Fred had driven to the Fenton place to buy some oats.

"Leo Fenton, busy with his own chores, had directed Mrs. Fenton to help Fred sack the grain. "They were a long while at it," a neighbor told the sheriff.

Another neighbor told of a huckleberrying jaunt during which Fred "stuck to Alcy like bark to a tree." A third described a social at which the two chased each other around the church "putting ice cream down each other's back."

The Albert Robassers told of a trip to Swanton while Grace was away visiting. During this trip, they had seen Fred kiss Alcy, they declared.

Sheriff Boone called on Alcy Fenton. She parried his questions for an hour, then began to give some pertinent information.

On the night Grace had left for Edgerton, Fred had called at her home and suggested that they go to Maumee, picking up the Robassers on the way. She, Fred and Leo had started out, and when they encountered a broken bridge just before reaching the Robasser home, Leo had got out and said he would get the Robassers.

Thus she and Fred had been alone in the car for 20 minutes.

"He kissed me and embraced me," she said, "and told me that he loved me better than his wife."

Leo had come back with the information that the Robassers had company. So they had resumed their journey to Maumee, where Fred plied Leo with beer until he was befuddled.

En route home, he spread himself out on the rear seat and went to sleep. Alcy said that Fred put his arm around her and caressed her all the way home.

"Or rather, most of the way," she amended, "because at one time Leo struck a match."

Fred found occasion to visit the Fenton home almost every day, she continued. One evening she drove to church, and Fred sat at the end of a pew next to her. All during the sermon he kept whispering that he loved her.

A week before Grace's death, she and Fred drove into Swanton to shop. Grace went to visit her folks, and Fred drove up and down Main until he spied Mrs. Fenton standing in front of a drug store.

He signaled to me and I came over to his car," she related. "He asked me to meet him across the railroad tracks. I did so, and we drove out into the country."

She said they stopped in a secluded spot.

Forty-five minutes later they were back in town. Fred rejoined Grace, Alcy her husband.

"I asked Fred what Grace would do if she found out," Mrs. Fenton said. "He replied that he didn't care, that Grace's health was bad, and she wouldn't live long, anyway."

Meanwhile, a chemist had been examining the clothes Fred Lehman wore on the fatal night. He reported that the bullets had been fired from not more than a foot away into the front of his clothes, although he had, according to his story, been running away from his assailants at the time.

Also, the murder gun was found on Tuesday morning by Clyde Hall, brother of the victim. He came into the Lehman barnyard just as the sun was rising, and noticed a reflection on something bright underneath the milk house, which was on suits. It proved to be a .22 caliber revolver.

THE gun, bearing the manufacturer's number 37337, had been sold between Aug. 1, 1916, and April 1, 1917, at a store in Delta, a town midway between Swanton and Wauseon. The seller could not identify Lehman as the purchaser, but Sheriff Boone thought it unlikely that a robber would carry a gun of such small caliber, and then, having used it, tuck it away under an outbuilding.

Late that same Tuesday, Grace Lehman was buried. Fred sat in his car with his parents and sister while the body was lowered into its grave.

The gravediggers began to shovel in the earth. The crowd did not leave, for they'd heard a report that, as soon as the ceremony was over, there would be an arrest.

Finally Sheriff Boone and Deputy John McQuillan approached the Lehman car.

"Fred, we're going to take you to Wauseon," said Boone.

Lehman had nothing to say in reply.

The officers helped him out of the automobile and he limped to the police car.

At his trial, the prosecution charged that Lehman killed his wife because she was in the way of his infatuation for Alcy Fenton. Had he gotten away with this crime, the state intimated, then Leo Fenton would have been the next to go.

The defense denied everything. It held that the 22 gun had been planted under the milk house.

Alcy and Leo Fenton both testified. Leo substantiated his wife's story to a certain extent. He said he had become suspicious of Fred and thought he saw him kiss Alcy on the way to Maumee. He said he pretended to get drunk "to see how far they would go on the way home."

"I lighted a match," he said, "as a warning that they had better stop."

WHILE Coroner Bishop was testifying, one of the jury of farmers suddenly asked:

"From the appearance of those tracks in front of the barn, were they such as to indicate that a man was fighting for his life?"

Judge Fred H. Wolf did not permit a reply.

"What," asked another juror, "would be the object of robbers laying Grace Lehman's body out straight on the bed?"

Again no answer was allowed.

The jury deliberated 41 hours, and reached a verdict on Jan. 4, 1918.

Fred Lehman faced them smiling.

The verdict was guilty with life imprisonment.

He behaved himself in the state penitentiary at Columbus, with the result that on Jan. 3, 1935, Gov. George White commuted his sentence to 25 years.

With accredited time this called for his immediate release and he emerged from prison a much older and wiser man.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

VETERANS! here's the opportunity you've been asking for

THE 2nd ENGINEER SPECIAL BRIGADE
Took part in 82 combat landings, beginning with New Guinea in June, 1943, through New Britain, the Admiralties and the Philippines to the final action at Malacajalar Bay on May 10, 1945. Recording the longest list of combat operations of any unit in the U. S. Armed Forces. Now stationed at Ft. Worden, Wash.

THE 9th INFANTRY DIVISION
"HITLER'S NEMESIS"
The 9th Infantry Division spearheaded the invasions of North Africa and Sicily, cut off the Cotentin Peninsula in France. It was the first infantry division to cross the Rhine. Now stationed at Ft. Dix, New Jersey.

THE 2nd INFANTRY DIVISION
"THE INDIAN HEAD DIVISION"
Won a dozen unit citations in World War II. Landed in Normandy June 7, 1944. Fought at St. Laurent, liberated Treviéres, captured Hill 192, took Tinchebray and Brest, was in the middle of the Battle of the Bulge. Now stationed at Ft. Lewis, Wash.

THE 82nd AIRBORNE DIVISION
"THE ALL AMERICAN DIVISION"
In invasion of Sicily, it was the first complete American airborne division used. Took part in invasion of Italy and Normandy. In September, 1944, landed in Holland. In December, 1944, took part in turning back von Rundstedt's counteroffensive. Now stationed at Ft. Bragg, N. C.

THE 4th INFANTRY DIVISION
"THE IVY DIVISION"
Gained fame for its drive through the Ardennes Forest and penetration of the Siegfried Line. On D-Day, June 6, 1944, its 8th Infantry Regiment became the first Allied unit to battle the Germans on the Normandy Beaches. Stationed at Ft. Ord, California.

THE 5th INFANTRY DIVISION
"THE RED DEVILS"
Pushed 700 miles across France, crossing the Main, Seine, Yonne, Marne, Aisne, Meuse and Moselle Rivers. From July 10 to November 22, 1944, took more than 7800 prisoners. Was one of the divisions Gen. Patton used to attack the flank of the "Bulge." Now stationed at Ft. Jackson, S. C.

THE 2nd ARMORED DIVISION
"HELL ON WHEELS"
Took part in the invasions of Casablanca, Sicily and Normandy. The first American division to fight the Germans on Belgian soil. Fought through Holland and into Germany. In January, 1945, spearheaded the assault against north flank of German bulge. Now stationed at Camp Hood, Texas.

THE 3rd ARMORED DIVISION
"THE SPEARHEAD DIVISION"
Has many "firsts" to its credit. First to fire an American field artillery shell on German soil. First to capture a German city. First to enter Cologne. Now stationed at Ft. Knox, Kentucky.

LITERALLY thousands of Veterans who have been discharged following overseas service have asked about reenlisting in the Army and serving in the United States.

Beginning in January, the U. S. Army is answering this request. IF YOU HAVE HAD OVERSEAS SERVICE AND CAN MEASURE UP, YOU CAN NOW ENLIST AND BE GUARANTEED 3 YEARS OF SERVICE IN THE DIVISION OF YOUR CHOICE, NOW STATIONED IN ZONE OF THE INTERIOR.

You will be able to take part in helping build up the defense of this country at home. It will also be part of your duty to help train the thousands of new recruits now joining the Army.

AND—yours will be the privilege of being assigned to duty with one of a number of famous combat divisions now stationed in the U. S. Yours will be the inheritance of the gallant traditions of these great units which wrote their names on the pages of history during the war.

This exceptional opportunity is offered only to Veterans who have had service in the Armed Forces outside the continental limits of the United States since Sept. 2, 1945. If you previously held a military occupational specialty and a grade, you may be able to enlist in a grade depending upon your previous grade, specialty and length of service.

There are these and many other benefits you can't afford to miss. Get ALL the facts at your U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force Recruiting Station while there are still vacancies.

U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force Recruiting Service

CAREERS WITH A FUTURE
U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force

Tragic Love Story

When They Knew It Was All Over, the Young Hero and Heroine Lay Down to Eternal Sleep

THE cold wind sweeping down from Hudson Bay and across the frozen slopes howled dismally as it curled around the lonely cabin. Inside the cabin a woman sitting by the pot-bellied stove suddenly lifted her nose from her knitting to listen. "Joe, do you hear that?" she asked her husband. "Sounds like a dog somewhere."

Faintly, through the wailing of the wind, he could hear a sharp staccato barking in the distance. He got up and peered out of the small window, frowning out at the swirling snow in the darkening twilight.

"Sounds sort of like the Nortons' dog," he said uneasily. "They were planning on coming back yesterday. It's queer they didn't stop in to say 'hello.' Hope they're not out in this blizzard..."

Howard Norton, in his middle twenties and born and bred in Canada, first met his future bride when he was stationed in England during the war. The pretty brown-haired English girl was a member of the British Land Army and was working near the same base.

It was love at first sight, their friends said, and soon the two were making plans for "after the war" when they could start a real life together. They planned to go into the lake-studded bush country of Northwestern Ontario and operate a fishing camp. They spent many an hour drawing diagrams and plotting ways and means. That fishing camp grew to be their Shangri La—they felt that if and when it was finally accomplished, they could ask no more of life.

Norton got his discharge two years ago, and the first thing he did was to send for his bride, who was living at the time with her family in Mansfield, Nottinghamshire. "They couldn't believe that their dream was coming true at last," one of their friends said. "They did most of the work on their camp themselves, and you never saw a happier pair in your life."

A few weeks ago, the Nortons, with their small dog, were traveling by boat from an auxiliary camp to their main lodge about 10 miles south of Sioux Out look, when a sudden driving snowstorm capsized their boat on the ice encrusted lake.

They were pitched head long into the bitterly cold water but managed to make the long tortuous swim to shore.

Exhausted, half-frozen their clothing water-soaked and stiffening with the cold they had no means of lighting a fire to warm or dry themselves. Camp was only a few miles away, and they started out to walk it.

They stumbled along for almost a mile through the heavy snow clinging to each other. The shivering little dog followed their faltering footsteps. At last, Mary Norton fell gasping into a cold drift, and could not rise again. Her husband tried to lift her in his weary arms but she was unconscious.

Finally he sank down beside her and tried to cover her body with his own, to shield her from the storm.

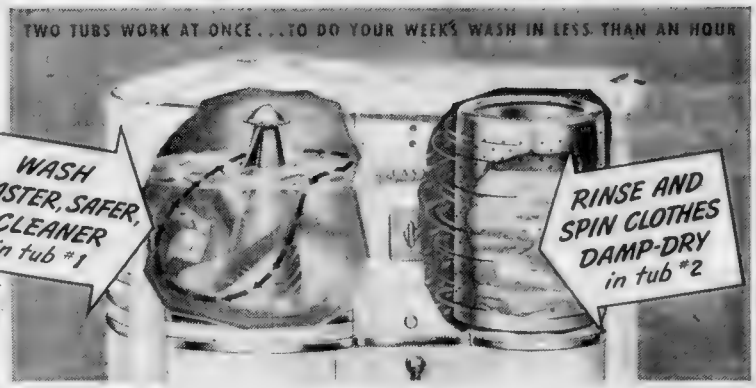
That is the way rescuers, summoned by the little dog's ever-feebler barking, found them two days later clasped in each other's arms, frozen to death. It was a tragic ending for the young couple whose dreams had almost come true.

The Young Husband Held His Wife in His Arms to Protect Her From the Bitter Cold—and That's How Their Neighbors Found Them Two Days Later.

AMAZING WRINGER-LESS WASHER

Spins out Suds, Damp-dries Clothes!

COMPARE SPEED! One tub *washes* a full load while the other tub *spins* sudsy water out of a full load removes up to 25% *more* water than a wringer. Result: *clothes dry faster,* are lighter to handle and hang up. *Ironing goes faster* because there are no deep creased wringer-wrinkles to press out!


TWO TUBS WORK AT ONCE...TO DO YOUR WEEK'S WASH IN LESS THAN AN HOUR
WASH FASTER, SAFER, CLEANER in tub #1
RINSE AND SPIN CLOTHES DAMP-DRY in tub #2

COMPARE CONVENIENCE! Portable—you can wheel it right into the kitchen. No set tubs needed. Clothes are thoroughly rinsed right in the Spindrier basket! No wringer to feed pieces through. And no broken buttons or jammed zippers to replace! What other washer offers so much?

COMPARE PRICE! Look at them all and see if you don't agree that feature for feature, dollar for dollar, Easy gives you *more value* than any other washer at any price! There's no "installation charge". Easy uses less soap and hot water—you can return suds to washer tub for a second load. Easy saves cleaning bills because it safely does blankets, "washable" drapes and slipcovers at home! *See Easy in action today!*

Easy Washing Machine Corp., Syracuse 1, N. Y.

EASY SPINDRIER

Double action... washes more clothes faster

"Soaping" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!

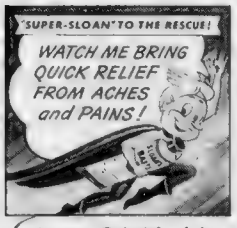
Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

● Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film. ● Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. ● Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! ● Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! ● Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! ● Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! ● Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Halo Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

Get FASTER relief from
PAIN
this new pleasant way!

New SLOAN'S BALM proved far more effective than other Leading Balms!



Amazing Relief for Aches and Pains of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Muscles!

New SLOAN'S BALM relieves much *faster* . . . penetrates *deeper* . . . gives *longer-lasting* relief! Far more effective than other leading balms and rubs tested! Clean, pleasing aroma. For generous trial tube, send your name and address plus 10¢ to cover postage, to: Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 401, 113 W. 18th St., New York, N. Y.

SLOAN'S INSTANT BALM
Made by SLOAN'S—famous name in Pain Relief

Letters to the Editor

YOUR factual and informative article, "The Stigma Is Lifted From the 4-Fs," is a forceful reminder to uninformed people that a neurosis is not always insanity, and that with rare exceptions, slight mental and physical defects do not ban a man from useful service.

Charles F. Ruben
Los Angeles, Calif.

• • •

I am Japanese. I always enjoy reading The American Weekly because it is educational as well as interesting. I think yours is the greatest magazine in the country.

Ted Ishihara
Stockton, Calif.

• • •

Thank you for sending me copies of your "My Faith" booklet last year. They were indeed a great help to us in our Bible class to illustrate the harmony that exists between Science and Religion. We referred to them in class constantly, and used them as supplementary reading. You are indeed rendering a humanitarian service by publishing and publicizing these articles.

Joel DeKoven, Rabbi
Austin, Tex.

• • •

I have never seen "glamour" pictures I liked better than those you print on your cover by David Wright . . .

Mrs. Leandro Reyna
Hart, Mich.

• • •

I can't tell you how much I appreciated your recent article, "Pets Unlimited." I do hope the article will inspire others to form such wonderful organizations for unfortunate animals.

Mrs. R. W. King
Glendale, Calif.

• • •

I thought your recent article on "The Vision of James Kraft" was excellent, and I wrote Mr. Kraft a letter telling him how much I enjoyed reading about how he'd gotten so much out of life by bringing happiness to others . . .

Mrs. Vernal Langford
Oildale, Calif.

• • •

I would like to secure a copy of your recent article, "The Decadence of Modern Art." The substance of that article is just what I need for a literary club paper.

Mrs. Grace Riester
Corey, Ohio

(Copy sent.)

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Surgical "Miracle"

A SURGICAL "miracle" that has been repeated 55 times is making Chicago's Children's Memorial Hospital a life-saving shrine for oxygen-starved "blue" babies—and a Mecca for surgeons all over the world.

The "miracle" is a delicate operation demanding the highest surgical skill because two arteries must be spliced together with stitches only four-one-hundredths of an inch apart. "Blue" babies respond to the operation rapidly.

A story about this operation and the children who have been saved by it will be in next week's magazine.

When baby's tears come from
"Childhood Constipation"

. . . give Fletcher's Castoria!

"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

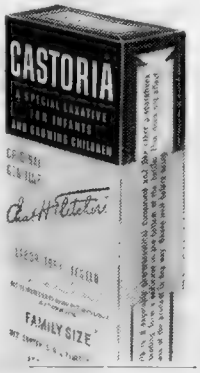
WHEN your baby's happy smiles turn into tears and bad temper merely because of "Childhood Constipation"... be a wise mother and give him *Fletcher's Castoria.*

Thorough and effective—yet so gentle, it won't upset sensitive digestive systems.

Made especially for children—contains no harsh drugs, will not cause griping or discomfort.

So pleasant-tasting—children love it and take it gladly without any struggle.

Get Fletcher's Castoria at your drugstore today. Be sure you see the green band and the Charles H Fletcher signature on the package; then you will know that what you are getting is the original and genuine.



Chas H. Fletcher

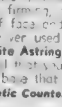
The original and genuine

CASTORIA

Read Amy Alden's Suggestions for

Fancy Party Sandwiches

on the Household Almanac Page



SAXOLITE

Is the newest thing in cosmetics. Surprise and delight awaits your first trial—gives more youthful appearance by temporarily firming, tightening soft skin surface of face and neck.

If you have never used an astringent the New **Saxolite Astringent Cream** will give you a thrill. But you will enjoy it as a powder base that will please.

Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere.

Suffering silently?

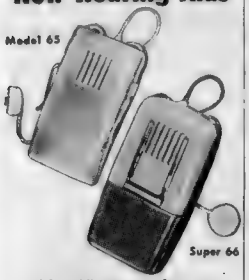
DON'T continue to fidget and suffer from the torment of simple piles. Use dependable Resinol to ease itching, burning distress.

It gently oils and soothes as its bland medication relieves irritation and induces blissful comfort.

Pure, mild Resinol Soap is particularly suitable for bathing tender parts. Use both. Sample each free. Resinol X-113, Balto. 1, Md.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

WHY
Thousands Acclaim
Western Electric's
New Hearing Aids



● Magnificent performance, economy, dependability, and compactness are responsible for the popularity of Western Electric's new all-in-one hearing aids. They're designed by the world-famous Bell Telephone Laboratories.

Investigate these wonderful new instruments *yourself*. Find out why they bring new hearing satisfaction to *anyone* who can be helped by a hearing aid. Your Western Electric Hearing Aids dealer will be glad to give you a demonstration. (Address in your Classified Telephone Directory.) Or send coupon now for free illustrated booklets.

FREE! MAIL COUPON TODAY

WESTERN ELECTRIC Dept. 380-AW2
195 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

Send me the illustrated booklet about Western Electric's two new *all-in-one* hearing aids. Include my free copy of "Modern Science and Your Hearing."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

BACKACHE?

● Do you know the *proved* way to relieve the stabbing, nagging pains of muscular backache?

● Doctors have made tests with hundreds of people. Found that nearly 9 out of 10 gained relief with Johnson's BACK PLASTER—the one product made specifically for relieving ordinary backache.

● *What it is:* This adhesive plaster contains a mild medication that stirs up circulation.

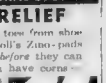
● *How it helps you:* The plaster brings the healing and warming blood to the sore spot. Tense muscles relax and the pain eases. The warming pad guards against chilling, supports twitching muscles, cuts down those jabs of pain.

● Made by Johnson & Johnson known for fine surgical dressings for 60 years. Keep several Johnson's BACK PLASTERS on hand and save days of agony. At all drug stores.

STOP CORNS

INSTANT RELIEF

Promptly protect sore toes from shoe pressure with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and you'll stop corns *before* they can develop! But—if you have corns—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will instantly stop painful shoe friction, lift pressure, quickly remove corns. Try them!



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Teen-Age Tempest

Should Teeners Get Married?

By URSULA TROW

THE question of teen-age marriages was recently brought up in this column by Ellie Buck of East Dennis, Mass. Ellie, who was married at 16 and had two boys by the time she was 19, felt she had missed out on a lot of fun by marrying so young.

Those who agreed with her and those who didn't came out about even. Most of the young marrieds said Ellie was smart to marry young, and most of the single girls thought she was foolish.

Mrs. Nellie Edgell of Lincoln, N. H., feels that marriage makes steady, well balanced people out of teeners.

However, **Kathy Yetter** of Hurffville, N. J., who is a 22-year-old divorcee, says, "Too often in teen-age marriages one partner outgrows the other." And she adds that out of six of her close friends who married when she did, four are now either divorced or separated from their husbands.

Ann Kain of Cleveland, Ohio, envies Ellie because, while they are the same age, Ellie is now free to catch up on her fun since her family is well along while Ann is just beginning to raise hers.

Mrs. John S. Nichols of Alexandria, Va., who is 19 and the mother of two children, says she misses the good times she could be having at this age. However, her husband, who is seven years older than she, doesn't seem to mind being a family man.

Margaret M. Corrado of Chicago thinks Ellie was smart to marry the man she loved. And **Robert N. Wexler** of Philadelphia points out that girls often let the right man go by because they feel they're not ready for marriage, only to find that no one else ever comes up to their first love.

Mrs. Elaine Box, of Sea ford, N. Y., also a wife and mother at an early age, says things have been difficult financially, but she wouldn't trade her "wonderful husband and four lovely children" for anything her single friends of 25 to 30 have. And she hopes her three daughters also will marry young.

Husbands, she adds, should be from four to ten years older than their wives.

Helen Fischer of Kansas City, Kan., feels that girls should wait till they're 21 before marrying, and get a job where they'll have a chance to learn the value of money and get acquainted with several different types of young men.

Teen-age marriages all depend on how mature the young people are, writes **Mrs. Jeannette Thomas** of Detroit, Mich. She was married at the age of 14 and her mother married when she was 16. Jeannette's marriage, she says, is working out very well because she feels quite mature, while her mother, who never had the same outlook, is now divorced.

Mrs. Louis John Peachey of Pedricktown, N. J., **Mrs. Russell Saylor** of Clawson, Mich., **Mrs. Evelyn Swinehart** of McComb, O., **Mrs. Pat Fogarty** of Detroit, **Mrs. Beverly A. Koenig** of San Antonio, **Mrs. Jane Bond** of Santa Barbara, Calif., **Mrs. Leonard W. Connell** of Polson, Mont., **Mrs. Janet Guy** of E. Palestine, Ohio, **Mrs. M. Leavitt** of Los Angeles, and scores of other young wives and mothers are all happy with the way their early marriages have worked out.

How do you feel about these comments on teen-age marriage?

Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

Most Teen-Age Mothers Seem to Be Glad They Married Young and Aren't Envious of the Freedom of Their Single Friends.

What Should a Girl Do?

CONNIE REEVES of Niantic, Conn, has a problem on which she'd like your advice. She writes: "What can a girl do when her best pal's boy-friend breaks off with her and then comes to you asking for a date?

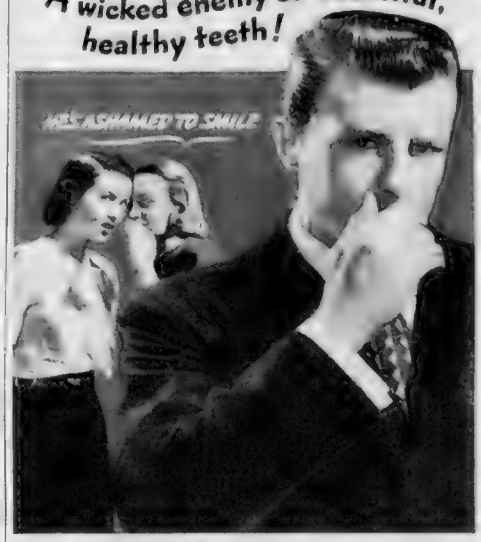
"Should a girl go out with him? And what can she tell her girl-friend, if the friend still likes this boy very much?

"I chose not to go out with the boy, but am very sorry because I like him a lot. What would you have done?"

Maybe some of you have been in this situation, or have run up against it. Do you think Connie has handled her problem correctly? If not, what's your solution?

Send your letters to the Teen-Age Editor.

DO YOUR GUMS BLEED?
You may have GINGIVITIS—
A wicked enemy of beautiful, healthy teeth!



4 OUT OF 5 Can Be Victims And Not Even Suspect It

Are you ashamed to smile because your teeth look so dull and dingy? Do your gums lack that greatly desired rosy pinkness?

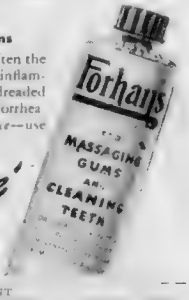
Don't wait for bleeding gums to warn you. And don't use a product to merely *clean* your teeth. Instead—to curb bleeding gums and help gums be firmer with a lovely rosy pink—see your dentist and start *at once*—use '*double-purpose*' Forhan's made *especially* for both gum massage and cleaning teeth.

This easy Forhan method is *famous* to curb bleeding gums and help gums to be firmer, thus healthier. Notice the difference in the way your gums soon feel and look. Notice how Forhan's cleans teeth to a radiant natural brightness. Be *proud* to show your teeth and gums.

NO OTHER paste, powder or liquid contains the Forhan formula. Yet Forhan's costs no more.

Beautiful Teeth Need Firm Gums

Never neglect bleeding gums. This is often the first sign of Gingivitis, a common gum inflammation which, neglected, often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea. Only your dentist can help Pyorrhea. See him. Then at home start *at once*—use '*double-purpose*' Forhan's.



Use 'double-purpose'
Forhan's
For Cleaner Teeth and Gum Massage

ADVERTISEMENT

"Who's excited? I'm moking SKOOLS—er, skoking MOOLS —I mean smoking KOOLS!"

When you're nerved up and ill-tempered, Kool off with Kools—you'll be cheerful! P. S. But, my pal—you're sure to fall for Kools' fine, Kool taste, too—so enjoy them!

MONEY-SAVING DRIED FRUIT RECIPES by Betty Blake

Treat your family to this pie once and they'll want it again! Easy to make—easy on the budget because it's made with flavorful, *thrifty* SUNSWEET Prunes.

SUNSWEET PRUNE ANGEL PIE

2 eggs • ½ teaspoon salt
½ cup granulated sugar
½ cup SUNSWEET Prune Juice
2 teaspoons plain gelatin
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup SUNSWEET Prune Puree
½ cup whipping cream
1 baked 9-inch pastry shell
Cooked SUNSWEET Prunes for garnish

Separate eggs and beat yolks slightly. Add 2 tablespoons sugar, salt and prune juice and cook and stir over hot water until slightly thickened. Remove from heat, add gelatin softened in lemon juice, and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Blend in prune puree. Cool. Beat egg whites until stiff, gradually beat in remainder of sugar. Fold into prune mixture. Whip cream until stiff and fold ½ the cream into prune mixture. Pour into baked pastry shell and chill until firm. Garnish with remainder of whipped cream and pitted prunes.

★ ★ ★ ★

SUNSWEET Prunes are finer-flavored because they're *tree-ripened "Tenderized"* for quick-cooking and better eating...*sealed in cello* for dependable protection packed and guaranteed by the growers themselves.

Sunsweet TENDERIZED PRUNES

California Prune and Apricot Growers Assn.
San Jose, California
SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes, Apricots, Peaches, and SUNSWEET Prune Juice

VARY HIS "VITTLES" THE THRIFTY WAY!

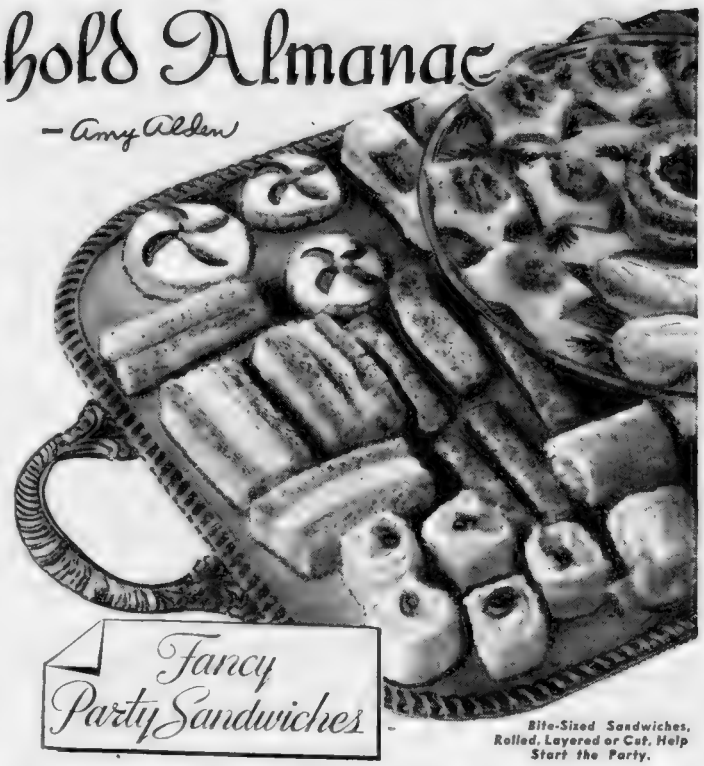
This *unique* food mixes so well with table scraps or soup, your dog's menu can be as *varied* as your own! And Milk-Bone Tiny-Bits are *economical* since you add the liquid to this meaty, *concentrated* nourishment! Pound for pound Tiny-Bits have *more* food value than fresh beef and provide important nutrients.

Milk-Bone Tiny-Bits contain nutrients your dog needs: Vitamins A, B_1, B_2, D and E, meat meal, fish liver oil, whole wheat flour, minerals, milk.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Household Almanac

— Amy Alden



Fancy Party Sandwiches

Bite-Sized Sandwiches, Rolled, Layered or Cut, Help Start the Party.

WHETHER you're giving a delightful tea to honor a guest or friend, or are called upon to manage club affairs, you will find that these dainty sandwiches are just what you've been looking for.

There is variety enough in design and coloring to make smart looking sandwich trays. There are rolled ones with different fillings, layered ones garnished with a cream cheese spread over top and sides, and another layered one with white and whole wheat bread that gives a domino design when cut.

The nice thing about these sandwiches is, they can be made well ahead of time, because they must be wrapped and chilled before they will cut properly for serving, thus giving the hostess time to attend to other details.

Pinwheel Sandwiches

Freshly baked unsliced white bread
Butter or fortified margarine
Stuffed olives (Optional)

Remove crusts from a loaf of bread. Then cut the bread in thin slices lengthwise of the loaf. Spread each slice with butter, cream cheese, cream cheese tinted with food coloring, any sandwich filling or butter blended with minced parsley. Firmly roll up each slice from the end like a jelly roll. If desired place a row of the stuffed olives across this end before starting to roll. Wrap seam side down in waxed paper, then in a damp cloth, chill for at least ½ hr. and slice crosswise in thin slices.

Rolled Celery Sandwiches

8 ¼" slices freshly baked bread
Butter or fortified margarine
8 stalks celery
Thousand Island Dressing, below

Spread the bread with butter and remove the crusts. Cut the celery stalks into lengths that will fit the bread. Fill each stalk with Thousand Island Dressing. Place a stalk on each slice of bread and roll up like a jelly roll. Press together firmly, fastening with toothpicks if necessary. Wrap all, seam side down, in waxed paper, then in a damp cloth and chill for several hours.

Thousand Island Dressing

Combine 1 cup mayonnaise
1 tsp. paprika
¼ cup catchup or chili sauce
2 tbsps. vinegar
¼ cup coarsely chopped walnuts
½ cup celery in ½" pieces
½ cup sliced stuffed olives
1 small onion, slivered
2 tbsps. minced parsley and
3 coarsely diced hard-cooked eggs

Chill well, and serve as desired. Serves 8.

Nut Fillings

Use any of the following fillings on your favorite bread:

1. Combine ¾ lb. minced salted almonds with ¼ cup minced stuffed olives, 2 tbsps. mayonnaise, and 1 tsp. French dressing. Use to fill 6 full-size sandwiches.

2. Combine 6 tbsps. minced, salted peanuts, ½ cup mayonnaise and 1 tsp. minced onion. Use to fill thin 1¾" bread rounds. Makes 16 sandwich rounds.

3. Combine 1 7-oz. can tuna, flaked, ½ cup minced walnuts, 2 minced sweet pickles, and 2 tbsps. minced green pepper. Season to taste with salt, and paprika, then add enough mayonnaise to spread. Use to fill 10 full-size sandwiches.

4. Put ½ cup pitted dates and ¾ cup walnuts through food chopper twice, using fine blade. Add ¼ tsp. salt, and 2 tbsps. cream. Use to fill 10 full-size sandwiches.

5. Mix ½ cup minced walnuts, 1 cup minced celery and ½ cup mayonnaise. Use to fill 10-12 full-size sandwiches.

Layered Sandwiches

Filling 1—
¼ cup soft butter or fortified margarine
½ cup minced water cress
1 tsp. minced onion
1 tsp. lemon juice

Filling 2—
¼ cup soft butter or fortified margarine
½ cup minced tongue or deviled ham
1 tsp. prepared mustard
¼ cup minced stuffed olives

Remove crusts from all but one side of day-old loaf of unsliced white or dark bread. Cut bread lengthwise of loaf into 4 equal slices, using entire loaf. Then cut crust off the last slice. Spread 3 of the slices with the 3 fillings and place them on top of each other in the order given. Cover with unspread slice. Wrap tightly in waxed paper, then in damp cloth and chill several hours or until ready to use. To serve, cut into ¼" slices, crosswise. Makes about 24 sandwiches.

Note: If desired, 3 3-oz. pkgs cream cheese blended with 1 tbsps. cream may be spread over top and sides of sandwich loaf before chilling. Serve on a platter garnished with chopped parsley or stuffed olive slices. Slice at table.

Domino Sandwiches

5 ¼" slices white bread
4 ¼" slices whole wheat bread
Butter or fortified margarine
2 tbsps. chopped dill pickle
1 cup chopped cooked or canned tongue
3 tbsps. mayonnaise
¼ lb. swiss cheese, sliced thin

Trim off the crusts of the bread slices so that each is the same size. Spread each slice with butter on both sides, reserving 2 slices of white bread unbuttered on one side. Combine the pickle, tongue and mayonnaise and spread ¼ of it on one side of the white slices. Top the spread side of one of the reserved white slices with one of the whole wheat slices, and cover it with a layer of the swiss cheese slices. Place a slice of the white bread over the cheese with the filling side down. Spread this slice with tongue mixture and repeat using all the bread, meat and cheese and having the other reserved white slice on top. Press firmly, wrap in waxed paper, then in a damp cloth, and chill for several hours. Cut crosswise in thin slices and serve. Makes 6-8 sandwiches.

Chicken Salad Sandwich Loaf

Make your favorite chicken salad. Then remove crusts from all but one side of a day-old loaf unsliced white or dark bread. Cut lengthwise of loaf into 4 equal slices, using entire loaf. Then cut crust off the last slice. Spread 2 slices on both sides with softened butter, and the top and bottom slices on one side only. On bottom slice, buttered side up spread some of chicken mixture. Cover with slice of bread buttered on both sides. Spread with chicken mixture. Repeat, then put on top slice, buttered side down. Chill under a slight weight for several hours or overnight. Just before serving, spread entire surface of loaf with ¾ cup mayonnaise. Then cut into 1 crosswise slices to serve. Serves 8-10.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

ALMANAC RECIPES

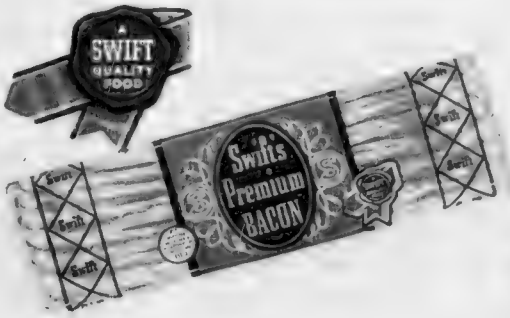
☐ (60) Gaylord Hauser Diet
☐ (61) Famous Recipes
☐ (62) New England Recipes
☐ (63) Candy Recipes
☐ (64) Quick Hot Breads
☐ (65) Pancakes and Roll Ups
☐ (66) Oyster Recipes
☐ (67) Waffle Tonight
☐ (68) Eggs for Every Meal
☐ (69) Let's Eat Fish
☐ (70) Casserole Recipes
☐ (71) Quickly-Prepared Meals
☐ (72) Favorite Mexican Recipes
☐ (74) Foreign Recipes
☐ (75) Almanac Bread & Rolls
☐ (76) Coffee Cakes; Doughnuts
☐ (77) Favorite Hebrew Recipes
☐ (78) Favorite Almanac Cakes
☐ (79) New Cakes
☐ (80) Desserts and Sweets
☐ (81) Favorite Pie Recipes
☐ (82) Pies and Pastries
☐ (83) Favorite Soup Recipes
☐ (84) Meat for Family Meals
☐ (85) Stick-to-the-Ribs Dishes
☐ (86) Delicious Vegetables
☐ (87) New Vegetable Recipes
☐ (88) Almanac Potato Recipes
☐ (89) Popular Salad Recipes
☐ (90) Salads and Dressings
☐ (91) Almanac Cookies
☐ (92) New Cookies
☐ (98) Children's Party Recipes
☐ (99) Delicious Chicken Recipes
☐ (100) Buffet Party Dishes
☐ (101) Luncheon Fillers
☐ (102) Favorite Puddings, Sauces

Brighter Breakfasts make brighter days!

THE WHOLE FAMILY'S READY to pitch into each new day with a bang after a nourishing, cheering breakfast with America's favorite bacon (that's Swift's Premium). You see, nutritionists tell us breakfast is the day's most neglected meal. So it's smart strategy to serve Swift's Premium. There's wide-awake, easy-to-digest food energy in every tender-crisp bite. And how folks do love that tantalizing *sweet smoke taste!*

QUALITY'S THE BEST BUY-WORD . . . especially when there's no margin for error. That's why Swift's Premium—with its *unvarying* quality, rich nourishment, and matchless *sweet smoke taste*—is your best buy *now* when every bite is precious. No wonder America actually prefers Swift's Premium Bacon to the next 25 brands *combined!*

DO TRY BAKING Swift's Premium Bacon this easy, failure-proof way: Place bacon on a rack in a shallow pan. Cook at 400°F. for about ten minutes. No turning is necessary. Serve with golden brown pancakes and syrup. The family will welcome this favorite combination for lunch or supper, too.



Swift's Premium Bacon

with the sweet smoke taste!

NEW KIND OF MIXER ...with SWIRLING action!

...YOU JUST SHAKE IT UP AND DOWN
AND THE HEMO GOES ROUND AND ROUND!
THE HEMO SWIRL MIXER
yours for ONLY 35¢
VERIFIED RETAIL VALUE 79¢

Here's a new kind of mixer . . . the HEMO SWIRL MIXER!

You shake it. It mixes by *swirling*. Patented interior acts as two propellers. Swirls contents, yet there are no moving parts.

The **HEMO SWIRL MIXER** blends HEMO perfectly. Fine for mixing waffles, gravies. Made of crystal-clear, heat-resistant plastic.

Verified 79¢ value at retail. But you can get yours, *not for 79¢*, but for ONLY 35¢ and the folder from the top of a HEMO can or jar.

Use your HEMO SWIRL MIXER to mix delicious, milk-chocolaty HEMO.

Hemo is the vitamin-full, mineralrich food drink. Two servings of HEMO made with milk supply a whole day's needs of Vitamins A, B1, B2, D, Niacin; and minerals, Iron, Cacium and Phosphorus.

Get HEMO today, ONLY A LIMITED SUPPLY of Swirl Mixers available! Send printed folder from jar or can, with 35¢ in cash, to The Borden Co., P.O. Box 121, N.Y.8, N.Y.

Borden's **Hemo***

GET THE HAPPY HEMO HABIT!

* T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © The Borden Company

Treat Yourself to New England's Favorite Flavor

Delicious with that extra-tempting true old-time goodness. Actually baked (not steamed) for *one entire day* with juicy pork and spicy sauces . . . "Down East" in Portland, Maine. Burnham & Morrill Company

The Epicure

CHINESE RICE

By HENRY CLIVE

BACK in the early '30s I was out visiting my brother in Shanghai where he was the prime pet doctor for over 20 years in the International Settlement. His name was Bill O'Hara which is six Irish names, and although my family is as Irish as Paddy's pet, I never knew how to cook Chinese rice.

My brother had a Number One boy named Eddie Wong and although he was a wonderful cook and a fine fellow, did not want anybody around the kitchen when he was on the job. However, I finally managed to get a few of his best recipes.

Henry Clive, the Accomplished Artist, Started Painting Covers for The American Weekly in 1918. Now, 30 Years Later, the Third Painting in His Newest Series, "Enchantresses of the Ages," Appears on the Front of This Magazine.

As so many people, who are fairly good cooks otherwise, seem to have difficulty in preparing rice as you get it in the Chinese restaurants, I am going to take this opportunity that my old Alma Mater, The American Weekly, has so kindly granted me, to pass along this simple and efficient way of preparing rice a la Chinese.

First you need some containers in which you are going to serve the rice on the table, as the rice is cooked right in these individual containers. They should be a little taller than an ordinary teacup, something like the shape of a glass tumbler. Fill each one a little over two thirds full of wet washed rice, and then fill each container full to the brim with cold water. Place just enough water in the bottom of a large saucepan so that it won't boil over into the containers.

Bring the water in the saucepan to a rapid boil and then stand all the containers in the boiling water. Put the lid on and let it boil about 20 minutes. (This you will have to experiment with according to the size of your containers.) Important!—Do not lift the lid of the saucepan until the end of this time.

Each container will be filled beautifully cooked rice puffed up high like an ice cream cone.

Quickly Made

3777—Flattery in every line of peplum rounds your hips, scallops for charm. Sizes 14-20; 32-42; size 16, 3¾ yds 39-in.

3883—Scallops on the diagonal line add a soft touch to this dress. For striped or plain material. Sizes 12-20; 30-42; size 16, 3 yards 35-inch.

3167—Dress up your chairs with these birds, crocheted in pineapple design. Lovely! Directions for set; stitches.

Price of each pattern TWENTY CENTS (in coins). Print plainly SIZES, STYLE NUMBERS, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to: THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Dept., Box 206, Station F, Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

for superb diaphragm control...

"Long-Line"

BRASSIERES by Maiden Form

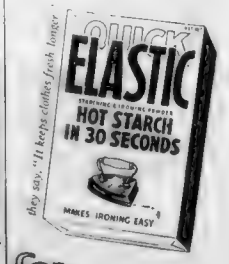
For trim, smooth lines below a beautifully uplifted bosom, choose one of Maiden Form's favorite brassieres, with 4- or 6-inch diaphragm band . . . available again, after a long absence!

*"Intime" (above) with 6-inch band and built-up shoulders; *"Allo Elite" or *"Allo" with 6-inch band and regulation shoulder straps—all $3.50. *"Inter-Lude" with 4-inch band, regulation straps, $2.50

*"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

Send for free Style Folders. Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc., New York 16

IS THIS YELLOW BOX in YOUR HOME?



for wonderful ironings

it works while you tub!

Just 10 minutes a day brings beauty benefits to Dry Skin!

No fuss... no mess with night creams. Smooth Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream over face and throat any spare ten minutes. Rich, penetrating; contains an ingredient with the benefits of lanolin plus four other skin softeners. Discourages dry lines. Coaxes skin to smoother, younger-looking beauty.

Send postcard to Box 36, Dept. 453, Cincinnati 14, Ohio, for generous free sample Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream. See its softening, beautifying benefits on your skin! Send now!

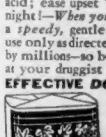
Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream

HERE'S HOW to relieve discomfort when you EAT · DRINK · SMOKE TOO MUCH

Be Bright! Feel Right TAKE ENO

From now on, forget those "morning-after" blues! Simply take world-known Eno at bedtime and you'll *quickly* help neutralize excess stomach acid; ease upset "full feeling" overnight!—*When you wake*, take Eno as a *speedy*, gentle laxative. Caution: use only as directed. Used successfully by millions—so buy good tasting Eno at your druggist *today!*

EFFECTIVE DOUBLE ACTION!



1. ANTACID—relieves sour stomach, gas and heartburn promptly.
2. LAXATIVE—quickly relieves temporary sluggishness. Take before breakfast, when needed.

TASTES GOOD!

CUTICURA RESULTS OFTEN AMAZING!

Blemishes often clear up in just 7 days

You too may be amazed the prompt way Cuticura Soap and Ointment speed out blackheads, help relieve externally caused pimples. For FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-205, Malden 48, Mass.

SPECIAL *Figure* PROBLEMS

By Sally Young

SPECIAL figure problems require specific exercises, and so we have asked a noted beauty authority to work out this set of exercises for us.

For Heavy Hips and Thighs

SIT up on the floor, legs together and straight.

Relax, and roll on the floor to your right as far as possible, catching your weight on your right hand with your elbow bent. Then roll to the left.

Alternate and repeat 50 times.

For Upper Arm Reduction

LIE flat on your back, fingertips on the shoulders, elbows in at the ribs.

Raise the elbows up in the air.

Then spank the upper arms down on the floor as hard as you can.

Do this four times and then, still keeping the fingertips on the shoulders, bring the elbows out shoulder level.

Repeat arm spanking four times.

Now, keeping fingertips on shoulders, bring elbows up as near the ears as possible.

Spank on floor four times.

For Legs and Ankles

LIE on your back. Raise your left knee to your chest and grasp your left ankle firmly in the back with both hands.

Grasping ever so tightly with both hands, slowly twist both hands around to the front of the ankle.

Continue this squeezing and wringing motion back and forward, progressing slowly up the leg to the knee.

Continue same wringing motion above the knee all the length of the thigh.

Rest a minute, rubbing the hands together to relieve the muscle tension.

Repeat this same compression massage on the right leg.

Tummy Firmer

LIE on the floor on your back with your arms down at your sides.

Then proceed by bending your knees, separating them, lifting your coccy (the vertebrae at the base of your spine) and digging your waist into the floor.

Now, starting with the head, slowly raise the spine so that each vertebra seems to come up separately, until you are sitting upright.

In this sitting position, hold the knees with your hands, and very slowly, lower the spine to the floor in a straight line.

Next time, try this with your legs less bent, until you are able to raise and lower the spine (without missing one vertebra) with your legs almost straight.

Repeat ten times daily.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

BEAUTY

- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
- ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
- ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair
- ☐ (11) Face, Throat and Neck Massage
- ☐ (12) Hair Styles for You

Not a shadow of a doubt—

So sure of yourself... with the *new* Kotex! For those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. Never has there been a napkin like this—with *downy softness that holds its shape.* Gives greater softness without sacrificing safety. Made to *stay* soft while you wear it. No other napkin can bring you all the blessings of the new, softer Kotex, *very personally yours.*

more women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

To make the most of the comfort Kotex gives you, ask today for a new Kotex Sanitary Belt. It's narrow . . . adjustable . . . all-elastic. Fits snugly . . . lets you bend without binding.

®T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THEY WANT A *Chance!*

What crippled children want, and what they get through Easter Seals, is *a chance in life.* A chance for proper medical care and equipment, healthful recreation, special vocational training. A chance to overcome their handicap, to lead useful, happy lives. Giving through the purchase of Easter Seals is *your* chance to give *them* a chance.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN AND ADULTS, INC.
11 South La Salle Street
Chicago 3, Illinois

You bet! It's the Noodle Soup with that *fresh-homemade* flavor!

Oodles of nourishing noodles—as tender as any granny ever rolled

YOUR family won't be able to tell this glorious soup from fresh-homemade—honest! They'll love it—*and you!*

Its parsley-flecked chicken broth has a fine, rich, old-time flavor. And it's laced through and through with delicious, nourishing egg noodles.

Tastes fresh-homemade because you fresh-cook it yourself

All the wonderful "makings" prepared for you by Lipton come in a handy envelope.

You simply empty this soup mix into boiling water, cook *just 7 minutes*. Get *real* noodle soup!

Real noodle soup with *real* chicken broth—and *fresh-homemade* flavor!

Saves money 2 ways—costs less, makes more than most canned soups

Just one envelope of Lipton Noodle Soup makes 4 to 6 servings—nearly a quart of glorious noodle soup. About 1½ times as much as most canned soups. So it's really money-saving!

SERVE IT TODAY. Your folks will elect Lipton Noodle Soup their whole-family-favorite soup. It's *so fresh-homemade* tasting!

LIPTON
Noodle Soup

So fresh-homemade tasting, so money-saving, it's the world's favorite soup mix!

WHY PAY MORE... WHY EVER ACCEPT LESS
-than the assurance you get in the famous name St. Joseph Aspirin. Millions know it's aspirin at its best, so fast-acting, so pure and so dependable. You can rely on its quality, so always insist on

St. Joseph ASPIRIN
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10¢

TIDY

When you have to tidy up—but quick—reach for Mufti bottle. Mufti gives you not 1, but 4 tested cleaning ingredients . . . cleans so many spots from so many fabrics and in a jiffy! Buy Mufti today.

NOT 1 BUT 4

MUFTI
• SPOT REMOVER

To Help Avoid COLDS and COUGHS due to colds...

Many Doctors recommend SCOTT'S EMULSION

If you catch colds often—because you don't get enough A&D Vitamin food—you'll be grateful for the way good-tasting Scott's Emulsion helps build you up and helps ward off colds, build stamina and resistance. Scott's is a HIGH ENERGY FOOD TONIC—rich in *natural* A&D Vitamins and energy-building natural oil. Good tasting. Easy to digest. Economical too. Buy today at your drug store.

MORE than just a tonic — it's powerful nourishment!

SCOTT'S EMULSION
HIGH ENERGY TONIC

Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE POULTICE

SIMPLE CHEST COLD
SORE THROAT
BRONCHIAL IRRITATION
SIMPLE SPRAIN, BRUISE
SORE MUSCLES
BOILS

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat. Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the *moist heat* go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also reduces swelling and relieves pain due to a boil, simple sprain, bruise, or similar injury or condition and limbers up stiff, aching muscles. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE MEDICATED POULTICE-DRESSING in tube or can at your drug store NOW.

Antiphlogistine
MEDICATED POULTICE-DRESSING
The White Package with the Orange Band

Proves Wonderful For Itching Skin!

To promptly soothe itching burning of Eczema, Skin Rashes, Pimples and similar surface skin and scalp irritations—apply Zemo. This Doctor's highly medicated invisible liquid is backed by amazing record of *continuous* success. Zemo ALSO aids healing. Greaseless! Stainless! For stubborn cases use *Extra Strength*. ZEMO

THAT *New* IRON

By Doris Denison

IF YOU haven't bought a new iron for some time, you will be glad to know that a number of improvements have been added to the new models which make the task of ironing an easier one.

A Few Fundamentals

BEFORE you look at the new gadgets, remember there are several old standby tests to try when you make your selection.

First of all, the iron should feel right to you—can you lift it easily? Is the handle comfortable to hold? Most irons weigh between three and six pounds. A six-pound iron is a pretty heavy affair, and the weight is not needed for a good ironing job if you regulate your heat and dampen your clothes properly. A four-pound iron seems to be the most popular weight, but buy according to your own preference.

Don't forget the convenient, light-weight folding irons for traveling. These fold away into small cases which are easily packed. At the same time, they have a completely adequate ironing surface.

When you are testing the iron for weight, test it also for balance. It should stay in a level position when picked up with the fingers midway along the handle.

Of course, you want your iron to be safe. Most of them are these days, but, just to be sure, check to see that both cord and iron have the seal of Underwriters Laboratories on them.

New Features

ALL of the new irons have easy-to-read temperature control dials which can be set to the proper heat for every fabric.

Other features, which appear on one or more of the new irons, include a light which goes on—indicating that the iron is ready to use; double thumb rest for right or left-handed use; light, all-aluminum construction; self-lifting device which makes it unnecessary to pick the iron up; both ends of soleplate tapered for easy forward or backward ironing; cool handle; headlight on the front; swivel cord which cannot kink or tangle; and a cordless iron which heats from a thermostat-controlled base.

Steam Irons

IF YOU do a great deal of pressing at home, or a lot of your own dressmaking, it is a great advantage to own a steam iron. Several irons are on the market at the present time which can be used for dry ironing, or can be switched over to steam.

Care

BE sure iron is completely cool before putting it away.

If starch has stuck to the bottom, remove it with mild cleaning powder, and then rub the surface with a little paraffin.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

HOUSEHOLD

- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
- ☐ (22) Easy Laundering
- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
- ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets
- ☐ (30) Sew Right
- ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades
- ☐ (32) Playroom Plans

There's a new man in her life. It's her first real date with him and she's been getting ready for it all day long. He is the one-and-only and tonight is, indeed, the night for romance.

Unfortunately it isn't going to work out that way.

Before nine o'clock he'll be wondering what he ever saw in her . . . Cupid will put the arrow back in his quiver . . . and she'll cry herself to sleep wondering whatever happened to turn his ardor into indifference.

"Poor thing! Poor thing!" you say. Nonsense! Don't waste your sympathy on her! She doesn't deserve it. No woman does who blindly takes her breath for granted . . . even for one night. After all, nothing puts you in such a bad light as halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Isn't it just common sense and good grooming to always rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic before any date where you wish to be at your best? You go forth with a wonderful sense of assurance that your breath is fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Use it night and morning.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

Before any date LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

KOUNTY KIST PEAS
BRAND

Great Value in good eating!

Minnesota Valley Canning Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota

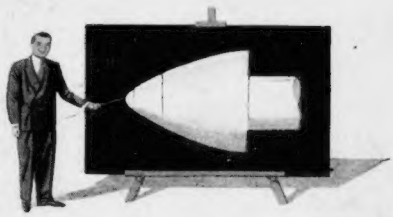
Unknown 3 years ago— a leader today!

ONE MILLION B·B PENS SOLD EVERY MONTH

A revolution in the pen business! A ball pen that is as handsome in styling and writes as well as *any* pen you ever had in your hand... for 98¢.

Why do 1 million people each month buy a B·B pen?

1 **WAR-DEVELOPED PRECISION TOOLING** has enabled B·B to lick problems which plagued early ball-point penmakers. They can mass produce these fine-looking, finer-writing pens—sell them to you at 98¢.



2 **NO BETTER WRITING MECHANISM** has ever been made at any price. Chrome steel ball floats in machined tip with less than 1-10,000 inch tolerance. Rolls freely, writes freely the instant pen touches paper. Dependable any time.

3 **WRITES A LINE 18 MILES LONG** with never a skip, scratch, clog or blot. The B·B is a *working* pen, writes at any angle, writes far smaller figures than a conventional pen, makes up to 6 carbons. Safe. Ink needs no blotting—rolls on dry because B·B pens contain "PERMA-DRI" ink.

4 **BANKERS, SCHOOL CHILDREN,** housewives, accountants, stenographers, carpenters, engineers and attorneys are buying B·B pens at the *rate* of *1 million every month* for every writing use. Get yourself a B·B today!

Guarantee

Compare the B·B with any other pen, regardless of price. You too will say it's the finest-writing pen you've ever tried. Every B·B pen is given a mechanical, visual and writing check before leaving the factory. *Every pen is backed by an all-time service guarantee.* B·B Pen Company, Inc., 6245 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

Three attractive models at this price. VP (for vest or purse), Executive or Retractable. Choice of assorted colors with chrome or gold finished caps and clips.

B·B "PERMA-DRI" Ink Refill Cartridges—sold everywhere, 49¢. Fit all B·B pen models. Ready to write. 10 seconds to install. Good for 6 months' average use. Developed exclusively for B·B pens.

Patents Pending. Copyright 1948 B-B Pen Company, Inc.